

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 49—No. 29.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—GRAND SUMMER CONCERT. Recital of Mozart's *NOZZE DI FIGARO*. Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sinico, Mdlle. Leon Duval, Mdlle. Bauermeister, Signori Agnesi, Caravoglia, Foli, Rinaldini, Casaboni; the chorus of Her Majesty's Opera. The band will be largely increased on this occasion. Conductor, Mr. MANNS. The recital will take place in the central transept; the velarium and screens will be maintained to complete the great orchestra.

Admission, Five Shillings; or by ticket purchased This Day, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Tickets.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, DRURY LANE.

LAST TIME OF "RIGOLETTO."

THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 22nd, will be performed Verdi's Opera, "RIGOLETTO." Il Duca, M. Caponi; Rigoletto, Signor Mendicor; Sparafucile, Signor Foli; Monterone, Signor Caravoglia; Marullo, Signor Rocca; Borsa, Signor Rinaldini; Ceprano, Signor Casaboni; Paggio, Mdlle. Filomena; Usciere, Signor Sinigaglia; La Contessa, Mdlle. Rita; Maddalena, Mdlle. Fernandez; (her second appearance); Giovanni, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Gilda, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

NEXT WEEK—"FIDELIO"—NOTICE.

In consequence of numerous demands at the Box Office for the repetition of BEETHOVEN'S Opera of "FIDELIO," it is respectfully announced that it will be performed on MONDAY NEXT, the 24th instant, for the last time this Season.

MONDAY NEXT, July 24th, will be presented BEETHOVEN'S Opera, "FIDELIO." Florestano, Signor Vizzani; Jacquinio, Signor Rinaldini; Pizarro, Signor Agnesi; Rocco, Signor Foli; Il Ministro, Signor Caravoglia; Marcellina, Madame Sinico; and Leonora (Fidelio), by Mdlle. Tietjens. After the first act, the overture to "LEONORA."

MDLLE. MARIE MARIMON.—NOTICE.

Mr. Mapleson has the honour to announce that Mdlle. Marie Marimon, having entirely recovered from her late indisposition, will make her re-entrance on Tuesday Evening Next, the 25th instant, as Maria, in "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." TUESDAY NEXT, July 25th, will be presented DOBIZETTI'S Opera, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." Tonio, Signor Fancelli; Sergeant Sulpizio, Signor Agnesi; Caporale, Signor Casaboni; Otensio, Signor Rocca; La Marchesa, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Maria, Mdlle. Marie Marimon (her sixth appearance in that character, and fourteenth appearance in England). To conclude with the First Act of the new Ballet, composed by Mdlle. Katti Lanner, entitled "HIRKA." Characters by Mdlle. Berta Linda, MM. Rubi, Francesco, Waldenburg, Corelli, and Mdlle. Katti Lanner, supported by the Corps de Ballet.

NOTICE.—In active preparation, and will immediately be produced (for the first time these twenty years), DOBIZETTI'S celebrated Opera, "ANNA BOLENA." Anna Bolena by Mdlle. Tietjens.

Director of the Music and Conductor, Sir Michael Costa. The doors will open at Eight o'clock, and the Opera will commence at half-past 8. Stalls, 51 1s.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Gallery, 2s. Boxes, stalls, and tickets may be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at Her Majesty's Opera Box-office, Drury Lane, open daily from 10 till 5; also of the principal Librarians and Musiciansellers.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1871.

THE GENERAL PUBLIC are admitted EVERY WEEK DAY EXCEPT WEDNESDAY, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., on payment of ONE SHILLING. On WEDNESDAYS the price is HALF-A-CROWN.

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MUSICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

MADemoiselle RUDERSDORFF, the sister of Madame Rudersdorff, and a Pupil of the Cavaliere Micheroux, the Master of Mesdames Pasta, Clara Novello, Catharine Hayes, and Rudersdorff, will receive and train as Professional Singers a limited number of young Ladies. They will receive thorough instruction in Singing, according to the legitimate Italian school, in classical music, and the Italian, French, and German Languages. Mdlle. Rudersdorff resides in one of the most healthy and picturesque spots in Germany. Further particulars to be obtained at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street.

THIS DAY.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830. Under the immediate Patronage of

Her Majesty the QUEEN.
His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES.
Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.
His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.
Her Royal Highness the Princess CHRISTIAN.
His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

President—The Earl of DUDLEY.
Principal—Sir W. STERNDAL BENNETT, M.A., D.C.L.

The PUBLIC CONCERT of this Institution will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, This Day, SATURDAY, the 22nd inst., commencing at half-past One o'clock.

There will be a complete Orchestra and Chorus, formed by the Professors and the Late and Present Students of the Academy.

Conductor—Mr. JOHN HULLAH.

Single Tickets, 5s.; Family Tickets to admit Four Persons, 16s.; to be had at the Musiciansellers; at the Hanover Square Rooms; and at the Academy, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

"O, LOVING EYES,"

(Written to Charlotte).

Words by FLORENCE PERCY (Author of "Rock me to sleep");

AND

"THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE,"

Words by H—.

Music by KATE LUCY WARD.

(Sung nightly in the Pantomime of Paris, at the Egyptian Hall, by Mdlle. Heywood.)

Price 3s. each.

(A. HAMMOND & Co.)

"We do not quite understand this invocation to the 'Eyes'—it is slightly hysterical. Take the first verse in proof:—

"Come nearer, soft, persuasive eyes,
Lift me above this dark despair;
To you my soul for ever cries,
Ye are so tender and so fair.

"The sunset darkens from the skies,
The mists come creeping on and on;
I know the stars will soon arise,
And ere they burn, you will be gone.

"O, loving eyes, strange planet eyes,
Help me to conquer and arise."

"To say exactly what this means is hard, and perhaps it does not much matter. The music is agreeable, after a familiar fashion, and, at least, ranks on an equality of merit with the verses it seeks to illustrate."

"The Warrior's Grave." We fail to see the use of such songs as this. The theme has been worn to rags, and only a genius could make it acceptable. The music here presented is not the work of genius, but a mere commonplace series of progressions, without a single redeeming feature. The prolific song writers of the present time—especially the ladies of that ilk—should not tempt us with trash."

Sunday Times, 16th July.

"There is good character in these songs, the composer of which can think as well as feel. The first song is an invocation to loving eyes to come and lift a heart above despair, and the strain is in accordance with the sentiment of the words. The March which forms an accompaniment to the second song is grand and appropriate, distinguished alike by tenderness and dignity."—*Notes of the World*, 16th June.

"THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE."

They raise'd no trophy o'er his grave,
They sang no dirge of woe,
And what is left to tell the brave
That a warrior sleeps below!

A shatter'd lance, a broken shield,
A helmet, with its white crest torn;
A blood-stained turf on the battle-field,
Where the chief to his rest was borne!

He lies not where his fathers sleep—
But who hath a tomb more proud?
For the boundless wilds his record keep,
And a banner is his shroud!

REMOVAL.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has REMOVED from Upper Wimpole Street to Ivy Bank, 49, Finchley Road, St. John's Wood.

TUNER WANTED.

WANTED, A GOOD PIANOFORTE TUNER, with some knowledge of Repairs. Address, R.H., Office of *Musical World*.

WANTED.

ORATORY CHOIR, Brompton, S.W.—A Bass, Tenor, Alto, and Boys, with efficient Soprano Voices, wanted. Applications to be addressed to the Director of Music, W. Schulthes, The Oratory, Brompton, S.W.

A YOUNG LADY ASSISTANT WANTED.

WANTED, by a Professor of Music and Musicseller, a YOUNG LADY, to assist at times in the Shop, and also to give Lessons to Young Pupils on the Pianoforte. There would be good opportunities to improve in Playing and Singing, also receiving Lessons herself. Address, "A. B., care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., *Musical World Office*," 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS FLORENCE ANDREWS and **Miss GERTRUDE ANDREWS** (daughters of Mrs. J. Holman Andrews) give Lessons on the Pianoforte and Instruction in Singing.—Address, 38, Welbeck Street, W.
N.B. Miss Gertrude Andrews can accept an engagement as leading Soprano in a Choir.

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AS MANAGER in a Musicseller's (Town or Country). A Gentleman, having a general knowledge of Trade Print, wishes for an Engagement. Has had Eighteen years' experience; also several years at the Fancy Stationery Trade. Most respectable references. Address, J. S. W., care of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

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A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for Instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

Just Published.

SIGNOR SCHIRA'S successful new Trio, "**LE TRE VIVANDIERE**," with drum *obbligato*, is now ready. Price 5s. This beautiful Trio, sung by Mdle. Sessi, Signora Scalchi, and Madame Monbelli, made a great sensation at the Floral Hall Concert, and will be repeated at St. George's Hall, 22nd July.

London: HUTCHINGS & ROMER, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day,

"THY CHILD'S AN ANGEL NOW,"
BALLAD.

Composed by **FRANCIS HOWELL**.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

FRANZ ABT'S NEW SONGS, 3s. each.

- No. 1.—NOT A SPARROW FALLETH (Sacred).
- No. 2.—MY MOTHER'S VOICE.
- No. 3.—THE ALMOND BLOSSOMS.

"Franz Abt is the Schubert of our day, and it is in consequence of this peculiarity that his numerous vocal pieces are more popular with the English public than those of any of the present generation of his countrymen."—*Illustrated London News*.
London: Published only by ROBERT COCKS & Co. Order of all Musicsellers.

NOTICE.

NEW SONG BY HENRIETTE.

"WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

The Words by ARTHUR CLYDE.

The Music by HENRIETTE.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Only when twilight creeps,
My and heart weeps and weeps,
In anguish that ne'er sleeps—
"What might have been!"

Living in his dear smile,
Guarding his weal the while,
A sweet life without guile—
"This might have been!"

Save that relentless spite
Breathed dark shades o'er truth's light,
That I scorned to set right—
"All might have been!"

Truth prevailed, ah! too late
Writhing in chains of fate,
He mourns disconsolate—
"What might have been!"

Strive we by duties done,
So our life's battle 's won,
Crushing, each morning sun—
"Hopes that have been!"

Yet, must I in dream-light,
Waiting for weary night,
Wail and cry by grief's right—
"What might have been!"

REICHARDT'S ADMIRER SONG.

"I LOVE BUT THEE!"

("The Haunting Thought,")

WITH ENGLISH AND GERMAN WORDS.

Composed by **ALEXANDER REICHARDT**.

Price 3s.

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SIR JULES BENEDICT.

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| 6. ROMANZA (Mezzo-Soprano), "Pastorello pien d'amore" | 3s. |
| 7. ARIA (Soprano), "Che più dirvi io non saprei" | 4s. |

The libretto of the above Operetta, with Italian and English words, is.

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For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat,

HAS maintained its high character for a quarter of a century; and the flattering testimonials received from Grisi, Persiani, Labisache, and many of the Clergy and Statesmen, fully establish its great virtues. No Vocalist or Public Speaker should be without it. To be obtained of all Wholesale and Retail Chemists in the United Kingdom.

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MURIATE OF AMMONIA LOZENGES, in Bottles, 2s. Useful for Bronchitis, by loosening the phlegm and relieving violent fits of coughing.
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"PLEINE DE DOUTE,"

SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and Trio, Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

By **BERNARD FAREBROTHER.**

London: LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.

REVIEWS.

Boosey's Royal Edition of Operas. Edited by ARTHUR SULLIVAN and JOSIAH FITTMAN. MOZART's *Zauberflöte*, Bellini's *I Puritani*. [London: Boosey & Co.]

THE two works above-named have been added to Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s valuable operatic library since we last noticed the doings of the Holles Street firm. This is not the place to discuss the relative values of the music issued, or much might be said suggested by the juxtaposition of two such opposite things as *Die Zauberflöte* and *I Puritani*. Each, however, has many admirers, and lovers of what is classical as well as of what is "popular" will be glad to learn that representative works like those named are within easy reach. We can add nothing to former encomiums upon the manner in which the volumes of this series are issued. Enough that Messrs. Boosey are consistently working out the theory of equally-diffused merit—a species of communism against which, in this particular form, nobody would desire to fight. We observe that, in future, the royal edition will have a monthly, instead of a fortnightly issue, the reason being, we imagine, that the season has passed and the inducement to exertion has become less. Something may also be attributed to the fact that, with Meyerbeer's ponderous works in hand, a fortnightly publication would be a dangerous, because hasty, procedure.

Novello's Octavo Edition of Operas. Edited by NATALIE MACFARREN. Rossini's *Il Barbiere*. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

THIS edition of Rossini's comic masterpiece shows the completeness which marks nearly all the preceding volumes of the series. No novelty was possible as regards the music, every bar of which is known, but great care has been taken by the editress to give all the stage directions, thus making the progress of the story perfectly intelligible to those who use the volume in their own homes. The musician, moreover, will be much interested by the indications of Rossini's score which accompany the pianoforte arrangement. We should add that Madame Macfarren supplies a very good English adaptation of the libretto.

Laquelle, La Brune ou la Blonde. La Brune et La Blonde. Morceaux pour le piano. Composée par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. [London: Chappell & Co.]

ACCORDING to the title-page, Mr. Blumenthal gives his public but a choice of one or other of these two pieces. His public, however, are not likely to accept such terms, and will probably demand both *La Brune* and *La Blonde*. The former is a broadly-phrased melody, *allegretto espressivo*, in E flat major, with a flowing counterpoint of crochets for the left hand, and syncopated chords of accompaniment beneath the melody for the right. Its character, therefore, is that of a "song without words," among which class of compositions it is entitled to a good place. The actual notes are easy to play, but the requisite expression demands some study. *La Blonde*, an *allegretto* in C major, is more vivacious and more original, if not more effective. In this case, also, Mr. Blumenthal makes a prominent feature of his bass, which may claim all the importance due to a subordinate melody. Without indicating any preference for one more than the other, we must express our entire approval of these works as a step towards leading drawing-room music in the direction of a higher standard than that actually used.

Le Départ du Vaisseau. Contraste pour le piano. Composé par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. [London: Chappell & Co.]

AS may be gathered from the title, this piece is written to a certain programme of events. We have first the preparation for departure, an *Allegretto Tranquillo* in C major; next a prayer in E major; next, the adieu; and lastly, the actual setting out. From this sequence of themes the character of the music may be guessed with sufficient accuracy. It makes a brilliant and varied exercise, though of no particular importance as a work of art, nor specially suggestive of that which it assumes to illustrate. Decidedly the best movement is the Prayer; which Messrs. Chappell and Co. have published in a slightly modified form and with a new coda. This is likely to meet with widespread favour as an interesting and attractive *morceau*.

Mezzo Giorno. No. 3 di Tre Stornelle Fiorentine pour le piano, par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. [London: Chappell & Co.]

THIS interesting and agreeable piece only needs to be known to meet with general favour. It is easy to play, novel in melody and in some points of its structure, while the varied treatment of the themes sustain attention from beginning to end. The time indication is *Moderato ma Risoluto*; the key F major.

Peace, It is I. Sacred song. Written by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. Composed by J. P. KNIGHT. [London: Cramer, Wood, & Co.]

THE melody is expressive and appropriate; but a more suitable accompaniment than repeated chords proceeding with monotonous regularity might easily have been devised.

L'Amour. Morceau pour piano, par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. [London: Chappell & Co.]

THIS piece takes the form of a melody for the left hand, accompanied by *staccato* chords for the right, after which the theme is repeated in octaves, with chords in syncopation as accompaniment. Finally, there is a lengthy coda, with much *tremolando* for alternate hands. The whole is an effective thing in its way, and from a small beginning works up to an exciting climax; but the materials employed present nothing new, and the mode of their use is excessively familiar. Those, however, who do not object to old devices will find much to admire in *L'Amour*.

Une Nuit sur le Lac Majeur. Impression de Voyage. Reverie pour le piano, par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. [London: Chappell & Co.]

WE translate thus the idea to which Mr. Blumenthal here gives musical illustration:—"The night is serene; the pale light of the stars is reflected in the limpid waters of the lake. What quietude reigns! All nature seems to repose. The gondoliers rest upon their oars, and hearing their melancholy song, I give myself up to a sweet reverie." Surely this picture is enough to make every sentimentally-disposed reader order Mr. Blumenthal's piece at once. But we may go on to say that, in the approved style of such works, the composer has given effective expression to the idea suggested by the passage we have quoted. Almost, of course, he has written his *Andante moto sostenuto* in the key of A flat major—the key beloved of those upon whom sonnets to the moon have power.

Chant du Cygne. Melodie Plaintive pour le piano, par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. [London: Chappell & Co.]

THE simple and unaffected theme of this composition is variously treated by way of accompaniment, but in no case without good effect. Being a slow movement—*Lento e con somma-espressione* (C major)—it presents an admirable study in phrasing, and not less may it be useful to those who need practice in the art of making a melody stand prominently out from its surroundings. As a piece for effect, it bears out the description on the title-page.

Les Regrets. Nocturne pour le piano, par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. [London: Cramer, Beal, & Co.]

THIS piece may be described as all arpeggios; that form of decoration being used either above or below the melody, from beginning to end. A good many people love *arpeggios*, as cheap and "filling at the price." Here, we can assure such folk, is a rare feast.

L'Etoile du Soir. Troisième Valse pour le piano, par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. [London: Chappell & Co.]

IT has come to pass in these days that one waltz is very like another; but we must say for Mr. Blumenthal that he has got out of the ordinary ruck, and achieved a work which, if not absolutely, is, at all events, comparatively novel. The waltz is elegant and pleasing.

The Reindeer Bells. Song. Words by FREDERICK ENOCH, music by HENRY SMART. [London: Cramer, Wood, & Co.]

THIS song presents two pictures: first, the belated traveller hurrying across the snowy waste to the music of his reindeer's bells; next, the traveller's wife anxiously awaiting his coming. The hopes and disappointments of the latter are set forth, till at last she hears "a chime on the cold bleak night," and welcomes the wanderer to his home. Mr. Smart has given a vivid musical illustration of these events. His music reflects the very spirit of the words, and rouses our sympathy to the highest pitch. Than this, there can be no greater proof of excellence. We commend the song, therefore, as one of the best recently issued from the ever-labouring musical press.

Fuggiamo nel Deserto, Chanson Populaire de Cupri. Transcrite pour le piano par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. [London: Chappell & Co.]

AS an exercise in the playing of arpeggios, scale passages, and octaves, this piece may be of use.

Leur Dernière Valse. Valse Brillante pour le piano. Composée par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. [London: Chappell & Co.]

THIS waltz fully answers to its description; and while "brilliant" enough to satisfy an exigent taste, it is thoughtfully and gracefully written; with sundry features—such as the bass figure in the G flat major movement—which satisfy those who demand something more than conventional treatment. We may commend the waltz to all who love things of the kind.

Die Temperamente Waltzes, by JOSEF GUNG'L. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

THE idea of these waltzes is decidedly novel, each figure being intended to represent some particular temperament. Thus, No. 1 depicts the "Cholerio;" No. 2, the "Sanguine;" No. 3, the "Phlegmatic;" and No. 4, the "Melancolique." The themes are very happily expressive, and the interest of the entire composition goes beyond the limits of the ball-room. We should certainly play these waltzes for their own sake.

Weber's Overture to "Oberon." Transcribed for the pianoforte by Brinley Richards. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

In a note to this transcription we read as follows:—"In this edition some of the passages have been arranged with a view to realize as nearly as possible the orchestral effects, without the necessity, as in previous arrangements, of altering the time; the most difficult passages are fingered." Mr. Richards's well-known skill is exemplified by the carrying out of the plan thus sketched; and we do not hesitate to say that his transcription deserves to hold the very first rank as an adaptation of an orchestral work to pianoforte uses. The arrangement is singularly clear, while omitting nothing of consequence; and easy, while in no way sacrificing the work to incompetent performers.

Auld Robin Gray. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: A. Hammond & Co.] THE favourite old Scotch melody is here treated in the conventional form, and as the arrangement presents few difficulties, there can be little doubt of its popularity.

Gavotte Favorite de Marie Antoinette (1774). Pour piano par CHARLES NEUSTEDT. [London: J. McDowell & Co.]

APART from the historical associations of this piece—associations the legitimacy of which we are not going to question—it has merits sufficient to earn more than a passing notice. The melody is one of those simple, unaffected things, old musicians apparently found it so easy to write, but which contain the very soul of tune; while the arrangement, if somewhat overdone with inappropriate pedal directions, disfigures the theme as little as can be expected when a modern transcriber takes in hand the works of his predecessors. We recommend the unfortunate Queen's favourite Gavotte as an agreeable change from the general run of pianoforte music.

The Gallant Cross of Red. Written and composed by J. L. RICHARDSON. [London: J. McDowell & Co.]

THIS song is in honour of the Geneva Convention and those who, under its now familiar banner, rendered great service to humanity during the late war. The words are spirited, earnest, and, as poetry for music, considerably above the average. With regard to the music itself, we are not disposed to lay much stress upon the fact that it sounds very familiar. By the introduction of a chorus and by the general structure of the song, it is evident that Mr. Richardson intended his work for popular use. He may have acted wisely, therefore, in using phrases already familiar to the popular ear. The accompaniment is animated and appropriate.

Frohsinn's Lieder Walztes, by JOSEF GUNG'L. [London: A. Hammond & Co.] OF the making of waltzes by Herr Gung'l there seems to be no end; but the best of it is that, make as many as he will, they are always welcome. The example before us displays invention which seems able to evolve, from a strictly limited source, endless forms of beauty and grace, which has made the name of Gung'l synonymous with itself.

Uhlans Galop, by P. HERTEL. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

WE have almost had enough of the Uhlans in every form, but may tolerate them in this instance for the sake of Herr Hertel's really excellent galop—a composition full of spirit and character.

Die Internationalen Walztes, by JOSEF GUNG'L. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

IT is quite enough to say of these waltzes that they are in Herr Gung'l's best manner. Our advice to all who love such things is, "Go and buy them."

A Series of Movements from the Works of Adolphe Henselt. Arranged for the organ by C. H. TOVEY. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

MR. TOVEY has earned the thanks of all who admire arrangements for the organ, as distinct from compositions for that instrument, and in selecting his themes from the works of Adolphe Henselt, he has done somewhat to bring that author's name into deserved repute. The first eight numbers of the series are now before us, and lead off with an Andante in E flat major, consisting chiefly of a broadly-phrased theme with a flowing counter-point of quavers, and an easy pedal bass. The style of this movement is admirably in keeping with the character of the instrument. No. 2, an Allegretto in B flat major, is somewhat more free, but not objectionably so. Its continuous solo for left hand, and the uniform character of its accompaniment, closely approach the monotonous. No. 3, another Allegretto, in A major, has a flowing 6-8 theme, with a showy *arpeggio* accompaniment for left hand. It is a pretty and effective piece. No. 4, an *Andantino sempre legatissimo*, in G major, resembles No. 1 in general character, though differing on points of detail. A solo melody is continuous all through, as is a flowing counterpoint of quavers in thirds and sixths for left hand. No. 5, a Lento, in B minor, is a piece of grave and serious character, well adapted for special use, and lending itself admirably to organ purposes. The obvious utility of this movement will secure for it more than common favour. No. 6, an Andante in B flat, being built upon much

the same plan as No. 2, need not detain us longer than is necessary to say that the introduction and simultaneous progression of two distinct themes is very well managed, giving both variety and character to the movement. Another Andante, in F major, constitutes No. 7, and is a piece of thoroughly organic character, flowing and natural both as to melody and harmony. Many a congregation, if we mistake not, will be "played in" to this graceful and eminently religious music. The last number is a larghetto in C minor, also well adapted to its present use. Before dismissing this contribution to the organ repertory, we must praise Mr. Tovey for the skill of his arrangements, and for the sound judgment which prompted him to cater mainly on behalf of that large class of organists whose powers, like the "wisdom" of Mr. Samuel Weller, are limited.

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ADELINA PATTI IN THE HUGUENOTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Monday evening, announced for her benefit, Madame Adeline Patti signalled by the personation for the first time in London of the arduous character of Valentine, in Meyerbeer's best opera. If we remember rightly, she played in *Les Huguenots*, while yet a child, at New Orleans, and intelligence of her successful assumption of the heroine's part has, at rare and long intervals, been wafted across to us from some of the numerous continental tournées in which she has shone as a bright and particular star. If our memory does not fail us, she played the character at Liège on her return from Russia some fifteen months ago, and several of the then flourishing Parisian papers sent special correspondents to record her triumph. But, so far as we know, she had never before attempted the part of Valentine in her native language—a circumstance to which the unequivocally expressed enthusiasm of the audience and the occasional nervousness of the singer may in equal measure be attributed. For days past places were at a premium. When the eventful evening came, every nook and corner of the theatre, even to the topmost row of its gallery, was filled with admirers of the *diva*. No sooner was Madame Patti first seen descending the long staircase leading down to the gardens of Chenonceaux, than she was hailed by the audience with unwonted warmth, and their demonstrative approval never left her until the curtain at length, long past midnight, hid her graceful form from their searching eyes. It was evident from her comparatively subdued manner in the Pré-aux-Clercs scene, that the new Valentine had formed for herself an original idea of the well-worn character. To her fancy, the daughter of the proud Catholic nobleman is a young lady the passion of whose nature is only to be evoked under exceedingly strong provocation. There was, it is true, intense earnestness of expression in Madame Patti's delivery of Valentine's adjuration to Marcel, which melted into wondrous pathos when the desperate woman declared—

"Per salvare una vita si cara
Padre, onore, tradisco ed obbligo."

Nevertheless, there was either self-constraint or nervousness perceptible throughout the scene, and to the latter cause we feel disposed to attribute Madame Patti's neglecting to sustain with full power the high C, which, however, with its pendant effective diatonic scale passage, she must be credited with having restored to the duet. And here we would fain add that, from the first note of her part to the last, she never once deviated a hair's-breadth from the published score. A shower of bouquets so copious that the exertions of the *bénéficiaire*, assisted by Signor Mario, to pick them up, had to be reinforced by a servant's muscular efforts, rewarded the *prima donna*'s efforts. In the grand scene that succeeds the *bénédiction des poignards*, she rose, however, to a far higher level. Even during the concoction of the terrible St. Bartholomew's plot, her eloquent by-play compensated somewhat for the silence to which the composer condemned her, and her earnestness of manner suggested that the stress of events had already changed the staid young matron into a passionate creature, as easily accessible to love as to hate. The fine, sonorous, low notes, which have come to Madame Patti of late years only, served her in good stead in the emphatic recitative, wherein Valentine declares to Raoul that he shall not cross her threshold, and the exquisite phrases of the love-duet were rendered with a new and tender grace. As the passion of the parting scene increased, so in like proportion rose the intensity of the

singer, until the heroine at length, like a nightingale, vainly beating her heart against the gilded bars of her cage, sank down, a helpless mass of beautiful humanity. Then, when the curtain had fallen, was reawakened the enthusiasm of the audience, and bouquets filled the flower-strewn stage. Signor Mario, gallant to the last, hung an enormous wreath round the songstress's lithe form, and both the operatic lovers reappeared no less than three times, in obedience to the audience's command. Whatever doubt may have lurked in the minds of some cynics as to Madame Patti's discretion in abandoning even for a single night the special characters, in which she is utterly above rivalry and beyond compare, it cannot but be a sort of unalloyed gratification to the general public to hear as much music as possible rendered by Madame Patti's admirable method and exquisite taste. Not in our recollection, at least, has the music of Meyerbeer's Valentine received so refined, unforced, rigidly accurate, and masterly a reading.

THE BAVARIAN PASSION PLAY.

(Extracts from a Letter.)

"The simple wooden theatre at Ober-Ammergau has served for as wonderful and stirring a performance as it is possible to imagine. To many who have watched it with breathless interest, the performance may have seemed a mistake in point of the length to which its grim reality is carried. But all must agree that the actors go through their parts with an earnest devotion worthy of their theme. The central figure, the *Christus* of the Ammergau Play, is singularly gifted by nature for the part which has been allotted him. He is a tall, handsome man, with long hair and a crisp curly beard. His movements are very slow and graceful, and his voice is strong, without being at all harsh. After watching him for a little while, the audience begins to realize the majesty of the part which he plays—a part which no other actor can take in modern times. The story, so familiar to us all, so grand and touching however it may be told, is well brought out by the Ammergau performers. They have seized the oriental aspect of the life around Christ with great skill, but have rigidly adhered to their traditional outline of the play. No effects founded on recent discoveries, no scientific grouping, according to the rules of the stage, will do for them. Such as their acting is, it is to be quite their own. They enter into the spirit of the characters they represent, and rather live the characters—as far as they can realise them—for the moment, than act them. Peter and Caiaphas, John and Judas, are as intensely themselves as the noble impersonation round which they appear. How strong the impression of it all is! Why, men are talking close about me of the crucifixion as if it had been real. The deep, affectionate, interest which centres in the Christus, and grows stronger as his death approaches, has been roused to almost fever point by that awfully vivid scene when the living actor is fixed on the cross in presence of the whole assembly, and is raised aloft where all can see him. He must be some fifteen or twenty minutes thus raised, and must be very resolute and well prepared to go through his part so well. Of course he is not nailed, but he looks as though he were: and the blood which flows from his side, a little later on, is terribly well contrived. Well contrived? We have been seeing an actual event, not a mere play. We have to look up at the great mountains, and the darkening sky, to shake off the spell of this performance in the wooden theatre by peasant amateurs. The theatre is open, as in ancient Greece; and there is, as it were, the classical proscenium, which occupies but a small part of the frontage, and leaves side scenes for the entry and retreat of the chorus. The peasant amateurs sing very sweetly. They have frequent meetings in the long winter evenings, and practice together for the great work of their lives. Yet they are only actors once in ten years; for their vow is to give the Passion Play at that interval of time. They have other occupations as a means of livelihood. Some are wood-carvers, some herdsmen, and some farm the neighbouring land. *

"In thinking over all the sights which I have seen, there is not one memory of play or of pageant, of effort artistic or of effort political, which will give the key to this strange sight at Ammergau. From the marriage of the Prince of Wales to a trial by jury in the Kremlin, and from the Shakesperian revivals of Charles Kean to a modern Greek revival in a ruined theatre at Athens, there is nothing which will help me on in the way of simile. Yet stay. That last event, the modern Greek revival under the very shadow of the Acropolis, will at least give us a good starting-point for the onward appearance of the Ammergau Theatre—simple and wooden as it is. We must take the Grecian arrangement of the stage; we must fancy the bright sky overhead and the proscenium, or theatre within a theatre, occupying part of the space before us, and we shall be on the right road to understand the preparations of the Ammergau peasants for their Passion Play. I return to the name, which I gave them in my last letter, of 'peasant amateurs.' They are so thoroughly and honestly rustic, and so far removed from professional mannerisms of any kind, their chorus is so well drilled, and their minor parts are so well sustained, that it is a pleasure to see them perform. Here is their simple wooden theatre fashioned, as has been said, in the Greek model. Here are the rows of benches open to the sky, and the side scenes, whence the chorus can conveniently issue forth, and the central portion (the proscenium), where so much important work

is carried on. Though the sky be far less bright than in Attica, and though wooden benches supply the place of the old stone seats of the Grecian theatre, we have gained a step by dwelling on the memory of a modern Greek revival. The background of mountains, too, might serve as an additional point of resemblance between Athens and Ammergau. But between the Greek play which I saw performed beneath the Acropolis, and this Passion Play, in the Bavarian Highlands, there is as wide a difference as between the cold, clear light on yonder summit and the soft purple tinge of the Greek landscape. Here, however, it is the natural surroundings which are cold and clear of outline; whilst the spirit of the play is of dreamy and earnest devotion. It differs from the Greek ideal, in being Oriental, and not Hellenic, and it takes us back to ancient Jerusalem, not to ancient Athens. * * * * *

"In a former letter I gave you a hurried sketch of the sort of feeling which the terrible realness of the play produces on first seeing it. The story seems to be brought back again out of the dim ages of the past, and to be going on in our very presence. At some points of great interest, above all at the crucifixion, there are sobs to be heard among the audience, and the bright eyes of the ladies who have come so far to see the play are filled with tears. The country-folk have mingled mirth and sorrow in what they behold. They are hushed into awe-stricken silence by the more solemn scenes, which must be familiar enough to most of them, and they laugh heartily at the supposed comicality, or laughable wickedness of the bad characters of the play. I say supposed comicality, because there is not the faintest trace of comic acting in the whole piece from beginning to end, any more than if it were a religious service. But there are points about Judas and Pilate which strike the neighbouring villagers as so intensely human that they laugh and chuckle over them. You must fancy the whole thing as occurring in bright day-light, and must remember that the construction of the theatre—that Grecian construction of which I have before spoken—gives a peculiar aspect to the performance to modern spectators. The fine view of the surrounding mountains decidedly helps the effect of this strange, old-fashioned rendering of Christ's sufferings and death. But the sunshine is somewhat of an annoyance, and matters would be even worse if it were to rain. I could not help wondering what the actors would have done had yesterday's thunderstorm broken upon them in the midst of their work. Luckily, as the event proved, they had done before the storm began, and the rain and hail pelted down upon empty benches. There are acted scenes and *tableaux vivants* following one another in quick succession. We have a pause between the first and second parts of the piece, to allow of refreshment, and we have regular tickets issued for the places in the theatre—tickets for the boxes and for the pit, to translate the names into our own phraseology. All this looks very practical. Yet the play remains as strange and touching as ever. The fear that it will be 'done' to death by foreigners—that is its greatest danger. Already their presence is so far felt that the longer interval between the first and second acts in yesterday's performance was attributed to them. Instead of an hour there was a pause of an hour and a half, and this nearly ran the play on into the thunderstorm before mentioned."

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS.

The delight manifested by the numerous and fashionable auditory gathered on Thursday afternoon week at St. James's Hall fully justified the renewal of an experiment originally made here two years ago, when Mrs. Stirling gave a reading of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Mendelssohn's illustrative music. On the present occasion Mrs. Scott Siddons was the reciter, and those who remember the impression produced by her performance of characters belonging to the highest range of the drama will be prepared to hear that the fullest justice was rendered to the poet. Since her last appearance in England, Mrs. Scott Siddons has accomplished a very successful tour through the American States, and it is satisfactory to observe that her powers have been in no degree weakened by arduous exertions. With the aid of a few comments the story was made clear, and, through the skill of the reader, the audience enjoyed a perfect dramatic representation. Mrs. Scott Siddons dwelt with evident relish on the humour of the comic portions, and the more poetical passages were delivered with that intelligent appreciation of their beauty only to be reached through reverential study. The plaudits greeting the fair reciter were frequent and earnest, and in the repeated acclamations bestowed at the close of the reading, which really occupied two hours, there was a pleasant assurance given that the time had swiftly passed. Under the experienced direction of Mr. F. Kingsbury, a competent band and chorus executed with admirable precision the fanciful incidental music composed by Mendelssohn; and the principal vocalists, Miss Sinclair and Miss Elena Angèle, efficiently rendered the solos.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Eppe's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

A COMMUNICATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 446.)

It was now that a piece of great self-deception, which was forced upon me by circumstances, yet of which I was not entirely unconscious, became the foundation of a fresh and painful, though decisive, development of my humanly-artistic being. My earliest experience; the experience I gained in Paris, and, lastly, that which I had already obtained in Dresden, no longer left me in the dark as to the real character of our entire system of public art-matters, especially as to how far they proceeded from our art-institutions themselves; my repugnance to mix myself up with them in the least degree more than was requisite for the production of my operas, had already acquired great strength in me. That people served not art, such as I had learnt to know it, but a quite different interest, simply adorning itself with the appearance of art, in the affairs of our public art-life, was a fact I now most decidedly perceived. I had not, however, as yet penetrated to the real bottom of the causes of this state of things, which I had been obliged to regard rather as accidental, and arbitrarily determinable, than aught else; now, for the first time, the origin whence these causes sprang became painfully clear to me.—To my few intimate friends I expressed undisguisedly my inward aversion to, and my hesitation, grounded thereon, at accepting the post of Court Chapelmaster, which there was a prospect of my obtaining. They could not understand me; and this was natural, for even I could express to them only my inward repugnance, and not the reasons of it, as those reasons were comprehensible to the practical understanding. The retrospect cast over my hitherto disordered and wretched material circumstances, which would now be placed on a sure footing, and the assumption that, in consequence of my having inspired so favourable an opinion in those about me, and, more especially, in consequence of the seductively fine nature of the existing art means, which would be at my disposal, I should, at any rate, be able to bring to light much good for art, soon combated victoriously my repugnance, a circumstance which, considering my defective experience in this particular respect, is easily explicable. The perception of the high opinion one usually entertains of such a post, and the splendour with which my promotion appeared to all of you, at last blinded even me into perceiving an extraordinary piece of good fortune in what was doomed to become very soon the spring of gnawing affliction. I was made—glad and joyous—Royal Chapelmaster.

The sensually comfortable frame of mind which came upon me through the revolution of my material circumstances, and through the first taste of an assured position in life, and, more especially, of partiality and admiration on the part of the public, grew to be a deliciously joyous self-confidence, seducing me more and more thoroughly into misappreciating and misapplying my peculiar being, as it had, up to then, been developed with necessary consistency. In the first place, I was deceived by the assumption, at any rate not completely without foundation, of the rapid, or—if slower—inevitably reward-bringing success of my operas by their propagation among German theatres. While the stubborn belief in this seduced me subsequently more and more into sacrifices and enterprises, which, in the absence of success, must again ruin my material circumstances, the impulse that lay at the bottom of this belief, and which aimed more or less at hasty enjoyment, led me imperceptibly away for a time from the artistic course I had struck out. The circumstances connected with this seem to me not unworthy of being communicated to you, because there are in them by no means insignificant materials for judging the development of an artistic individuality.

Immediately after the success of *Rienzi* at the Court Theatre, Dresden, the management came to the resolution of directly bringing out my *Flying Dutchman*. The fact of this opera being accepted by the Intendancy of the Court Theatre, Berlin, was nothing more than a piece of civility, artificially brought about, cheap, and thoroughly without results. I readily grasped at the offer of the Dresden management, and quickly got up the opera, without any particular care for its means of realisation. It appeared to me an immeasurably simpler work for representation than *Rienzi*, which had preceded it, and the arrangement of the scenes lighter and more a matter of course. The principal male

part was nearly forced by me on a singer possessing sufficient experience and self-knowledge to feel he was not equal to the task. The performance was a complete failure in the principal point. The public felt less inclined, in this instance, to marks of approbation, as they were disagreeably affected by the genus itself; they had firmly expected and demanded something similar to *Rienzi*, and not something diametrically opposed to it. My friends were staggered at the result; nearly all they cared for was to obliterate the impression produced on themselves and on the public, and this they proposed doing by a fiery revival of *Rienzi*. I myself was sufficiently out of humour to remain silent, and leave the *Flying Dutchman* undefended. It resulted from my then predominating frame of mind, as already portrayed, that I preferred what was soonest successful, and inwardly stupefied myself with the hopes which presented themselves to me in the hitherto favourable course I had struck out. Under these outward impressions, I again fell into a state of vacillation, increased, in a highly alarming manner, through my relations with Schröder-Devrient.

I have already hinted at the extraordinary and lasting impression produced on me in early youth by the artistic appearance of this in every respect unusual woman. Now, after an interval of eight years, I came into contact with her, the motive and aim of my doing so being my artistic connection to her, a connection so important for myself. I found this genial nature entangled in the most varied contradictions with herself and her being, contradictions which touched me disquietingly in proportion as they found passionately violent utterance in her. The distortion and loathsome hollowness of our modern theatrical system had remained all the less without influence on her, inasmuch as, neither as artist nor as woman, did she possess that cold egotism with which, for example, a Jenny Lind places herself entirely outside the frame of the modern theatre, and holds herself free from every compromising contact with it. Schröder-Devrient did not, either in art or in life, belong to that "virtuosity" which flourishes only by complete isolation, and can shine only in the particular individual; she was, in the one instance as well as in the other, a dramatic artist in the full sense of the word; she was impelled to come into contact, to blend with the whole, and this whole was nothing else in life and art than our social life and our theatrical art. I have never seen a larger-hearted being at strife with smaller notions than those which had, from without, been caused this woman, through her indispensable contact with those around her. The effect produced upon me by my warm sympathy for one so artistic was almost less moving than painful—painful, because she moved without satisfying me. She studied Senta in my *Flying Dutchman*, and rendered the part with such genially creative perfection, that her performance alone saved the opera from being utterly unintelligible to the public, whom it even absolutely worked up to the liveliest enthusiasm. This awakened in me the wish to write for her expressly, and for this purpose I went back to the abandoned plan of *Die Sarazenen*, which I soon carried out in a perfect scene-plot. But when the composition was submitted to her, it did not enlist her sympathies very much, principally on account of relations which, in her position at that period, she would not allow to be valid. A fundamental trait in my heroine was expressed in the sentence: "the prophetess cannot again become a woman." The artist, however—without definitely expressing it—would on no account give up the woman; and for the first time I must confess that I can properly appreciate her sure instinct, when the things against which her instinct declared itself have been obliterated, while, on the contrary, the great triviality of the same disgusted me then to such an extent, that, looking back from them to the artistic woman, I must have supposed her actuated by a desire unworthy of her.

Under these circumstances, I fell with myself into an antagonism which is peculiar to our entire modern development, and is not felt, or is considered as in any way as already completed, only by those who possess generally no strength for development, and therefore content themselves with acquired—perhaps even the newest—opinions, as their stock of appreciative power. I will endeavour shortly to depict this antagonism, as it found utterance in me and my circumstances.

(To be continued.)

SIGNOR MARIO.

For more than thirty years Signor Mario has been a conspicuous ornament of the London Italian lyric stage. A year after his first public appearance—at the Paris Grand Opera, in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*—he was engaged by the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, and in 1839 made his *début* as Gennaro in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Endowed with a prepossessing exterior and a beautiful voice, but with a great deal to learn in the vocal, and almost everything in the histrionic department of his calling, the impression he created, though agreeable, was not marked. In fact, he was a mere novice, and as such at best obtained that amount of encouragement which a good-natured public rarely denies to a novice exhibiting any signs of promise. The voice of the youthful stranger, however, exercised a charm of itself, and, though Rubini was still active, and the young Russian tenor Ivanoff had been welcomed with favour, as that great artist's possible successor, Signor Mario quietly progressed. In a short time he superseded Ivanoff, and was ultimately accepted with general consent as one worthy to take the place left vacant by Rubini. While advancing gradually but surely as a singer, Signor Mario was also striving with no less earnestness to attain proficiency as an actor. The fruits of this earnest endeavour were not long in coming. Signor Mario had before him an admirable exemplar in the late Giulia Grisi, of whom, both in comic and in serious opera, he was frequently a colleague. From Grisi he learnt a vast deal, and to such good purpose that in the course of time he became Grisi's equal, and, further on in the course of time, her superior. In saying this we are saying much, no doubt; but it must be borne in mind that we speak of one who, in our honest opinion, is the most versatile and thoroughly-accomplished lyric comedian the Italian stage has possessed within the memory of the oldest of the present generation of opera-goers. The story of Mario's early career in London, however, like that of his previous essays in the French capital, or the reasons, so often vaguely described, which induced him, a nobleman by birth and education, to adopt the stage as a profession, can have only a relative interest for amateurs of our time. It will, therefore, suffice to add that, step by step, or in other words, opera by opera, up to the end of the season 1846, when, together with the conductor, the members of the orchestra, and most of the principal singers belonging to Her Majesty's Theatre, Signor Mario joined the formidable opposition in Bow-street, he rose in the estimation of the public; that the first marked and indelible impression he created at the old establishment was in the character of Ernesto (*Don Pasquale**), when his delivery of the since so thoroughly hackneyed, then so new and enticing, serenade, "Com'è gentil," became the town talk; that his first brilliant and wholly undisputed success was as Count Almiviva (*Il Barbiere*), to which he brought a flexibility of voice in the execution of the florid passages unpossessed by either of his renowned predecessors, Donzelli and Rubini, and which enabled him to give the cavatina, "Ecco ridente," and the duet with Figaro, "All'idea," with an ease and fluency previously unknown; and that among other parts in which he earned distinction were Nemorino (*L'Elisir*), Elvino (*La Sonnambula*), Arturo (*I Puritani*), Carlo (*Linda di Chamouni*), Percy (*Anna Bolena*)—in which his singing of the famous air, "Vivi tu," emulated that of Rubini; Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*), and, last, not least, Otello, in Rossini's opera of that name—a performance in every way so remarkable, both in a dramatic and a vocal sense, that it is difficult to understand why Signor Mario should have resigned the character to singers who, with one exception (Signor Tamberlik), had no qualifications whatever for the task beyond the possession of certain exceptional high notes.

That period of Signor Mario's career in which the living race of amateurs are most naturally interested dates from the institution at Covent Garden Theatre (April, 1847) of the Royal Italian Opera, which, first directed by Signor Persiani, Signor Galetti, and the late Mr. Frederick Beale, and afterwards by Messrs. Delafeld and Webster, has now, for two-and-twenty years consecutively, been under the management of Mr. Gye. A simple enumeration of the various parts in Italian opera proper which the great Italian tenor has sustained, from 1847 until now, might almost suffice, so familiar are his admirable assumptions to all who reckon Italian opera among the necessary and cherished recreations of the spring and summer season. Let us enumerate them, one by one, in chronological order:—Elvino (*La Sonnambula*), Arturo (*I Puritani*), Gennaro (*Lucrezia*), Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*), Jacopo Foscari (*I due Foscari*), Almiviva (*Il Barbiere*), Gianetto (*La Gazza Ladra*), Uberto (*La Donna del Lago*), Fernando (*La Favorita*), Edgardo (*Lucia*), Pauline

* *Don Pasquale* was composed by Donizetti for Paris, in 1843, and was produced with Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache in the four chief characters.

(*Il Matrimonio Segreto*), Nemorino (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), Manrico (*Il Trovatore*), Alfredo (*La Traviata*), Viscardo (Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*), and Ernesto (*Don Pasquale*). It is possible that we may have overlooked some, but it is not easy to bear in memory, without fail, the incidents of a quarter of a century. Most of the characters we have named were frequently played by Signor Mario, though he has for a long time discarded some of them, to the regret of his admirers in particular and the public in general.

It is worth noting that, whereas at Her Majesty's Theatre Signor Mario used to be almost exclusively associated with Italian vocalists *pur sang*, he has at the Royal Italian Opera been continually associated with vocalists of other nationalities—German, French, Spanish, American, English, &c. He might, on that account, perhaps, have been thought to be more or less out of his sphere, and a certain deterioration have been regarded as more than likely. The case, however, proved exactly the reverse. All that was worth learning from the, so to speak, exotic elements by which Signor Mario has so frequently been surrounded was used for his own peculiar advantage. It was no detriment to him that in the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète* he should have as his earliest partner an artist of such high intellectuality as Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, one of the most distinguished of musical Spaniards. He doubtless caught much from the gifted sister of Malibran, but added a grace of his own which invested with a double charm what he had appropriated. Signor Mario's genius, indeed, from the beginning was appropriative; and it was only as he advanced in years that it assumed an undeniably inventive power—a power to which in Italian opera we are indebted for his superb impersonation of Fernando, in the *Favorita*, his Raoul, in the *Huguenots*, and perhaps, most striking of all, his Jean of Leyden, in the *Prophète*. Notwithstanding the fact that Signor Mario made his first public attempt in one of the grand French operas of Meyerbeer, he subsequently, as we have shown, went into the ranks of Italian singers, earning his freshest laurels in purely Italian opera; and few could have imagined that the sentimental Elvino, the love-sick Nemorino, the gay and dashing Almaviva, all represented in such life-like perfection, would afterwards come forth as the chivalrous Raoul De Nangis of the *Huguenots*, the gloomy sham apostle of the *Prophète*, and the Faust of Fausts, in the wonderfully popular work of a composer who, when Mario was at his zenith, had only just appeared as the young and by no means brilliantly successful author of the Franco-Greek opera, *Sappho*. Yet such was the case, and even in characters like Eleazar the Jew, in Halévy's best opera, and Masaniello, the revolutionary fisherman of Auber,—merely to single out two examples,—he was enabled by the singular versatility of his talent equally to outshine competitors. When Signor Mario first essayed the ope as of Verdi, it was generally thought that he would fail. But no. His Jacopo Foscari was a masterpiece of vocal and dramatic power not easy to forget; while in later characters of the now most popular of Italian composers, and, conspicuous among the rest, the Duke (of Mantua) in *Rigoletto*, and that other Duke (of Naples) in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, to say nothing of Manrico in the *Trovatore*—if the fourth act, the *chef d'œuvre* of Verdi, be the test—he has long shone peerless. Lastly, among French operas in which Signor Mario has earned well-merited distinction, may be named *Romeo et Giulietta*, which many amateurs are disposed to look upon as the "capo d'opéra" of M. Gounod, and which at all events has every pretension to rank with the eminent composer's *Faust*—and even with his *Mireille*, on the whole the most original and freshest of his dramatic pieces. None who witnessed Signor Mario's impersonation of the "star-crossed lover," associated with the incomparable Giulietta of Madame Adelina Patti, can remember it without deep and abiding interest. Romeo, Signor Mario's last new "creation," was in many respects perhaps his very finest.

The foregoing, it must be allowed, is a repertory almost unexampled for a "primo tenore di cartello," as the conventional phrase expresses it. Other characters might be added to it—as, for instance, Rambaldo, in *Robert le Diable*, once undertaken in order to add to the completeness of what was projected as an extraordinary "cast" of Meyerbeer's first grand French opera, an occasion upon which, if we recollect well, Ronconi assumed the insignificant part of the Herald; and, again, Tamino, in *Il Flauto Magico*, with the music of which it must be admitted that Signor Mario never felt entirely at ease. About his impersonation of Don Giovanni, with the music transposed and altered for his convenience (1858), the less said the better, seeing that it was the only absolute mistake he ever made in his long and honourable career.

No small interest has been imparted to the season just coming to a close, by the advertised fact that Signor Mario was to take leave of the London Italian Opera for ever. To Paris, St. Petersburg, Madrid, New York, &c., he has

bid no formal "adieu," and in either or all of those musical cities he may probably be heard again. But the representations at the Royal Italian Opera this summer were announced as positively his "last." On the whole, we may safely assert that, taking Signor Mario as he is, and other contemporary operatic tenors, young, old, or middle-aged, as they are, no such series of performances could under any circumstances have been given by any other artist. The characters assumed for the last time in London by Signor Mario have been—Count Almaviva, Faust, Raoul de Nangis, Don Ottavio, Duke of Mantua (*Rigoletto*), Fernando, Riccardo (*Un Ballo*), Lionello (*Martha*), and Manrico (*Il Trovatore*). Among these the most striking effects were produced by Raoul (the *Huguenots*), and Fernando (the *Favorita*). These were the parts destined for his final appearances. On Tuesday (associated for the first time with Madame Adelina Patti, as Valentine), Signor Mario played Raoul de Nangis; and for Wednesday—his "benefit" and "farewell"—Fernando was, with good judgment, selected as the character in which the still greatest artist of his time could best exhibit to advantage his unrivalled dramatic power.

SIGNOR MARIO'S FAREWELL.

Such a leave-taking as that of Signor Mario on Wednesday is without precedent in our remembrance. The opera selected for the final appearance of the greatest of Italian singers, and the most universally popular lyric comedian who ever trod the Italian boards, was *La Favorita*, his performance of the part of Fernando in which, so often and deservedly extolled, has more than once been referred to in our notices of his "farewell" representations. The opera was wisely chosen, inasmuch as it affords two opportunities of which no other singer has known how to avail himself, as well or, indeed, at a twentieth part as well, as Signor Mario. It is scarcely requisite to explain that the first of these occurs in the *finale* to the third act, where the outraged Fernando repudiates with disdain the honours conferred upon him by the king, and that the second embraces the whole of the fourth and concluding act, where Fernando, after taking holy orders, has his last and unexpected interview with Leonora. Of what materials these scenes, to which Donizetti has set his most striking and admirable music, are composed, operatic readers need not be reminded. Our business is not now to describe for the 20th time the opera of *La Favorita*, but to offer a brief account of the reception awarded to Signor Mario, on this memorable, and to him, as to all his many admirers, important occasion. That Donizetti's serious masterpiece will ever again, at least in our time, be heard under circumstances of such intense and general excitement, is not at all likely. It was a happy chance that the incomparable artist who then bade adieu to a public which had recognized him from the beginning, followed his career with ever increasing interest, given him full credit for absolute supremacy at his prime, and watched those years of more arduous and painful exertion which showed that even Mario, though becoming greater and greater as an actor, must at no distant period bid adieu to the lyric stage, should be in full possession of his powers. Never, we may say without hesitation, did Signor Mario more emphatically prove himself the Fernando of Fernandos, the singer of singers, the actor of actors, than on the occasion under notice. How he was welcomed by an audience which literally crowded the house to the ceiling it is scarcely requisite to say. His gracefully unaffected delivery of the romance in which Fernando narrates to the chief monk, Baldasare, the history of his first meeting with Leonora, at once showed the audience that they might look forward with certainty to an evening with Mario at his best. He was twice called forward at the end.

But, passing over things of less significance, we may at once announce that in the splendid *finale* to Act III. Signor Mario was more eloquent, more impressive, and more dramatic, than on any previous occasion. His throwing at the King's feet the decorations for which Fernando has now so supreme a contempt, his breaking in two the sword no longer considered as honoured in the wearing, and other incidents of this striking scene, were one and all points to remember as in their kind not merely unequalled, but unapproachable. The applause at the termination of this act was uproarious. Signor Mario was thrice summoned before the curtain; the stage was strewn with bouquets, which seemed to come spontaneously from every part of the house, the climax being an enormous wreath flung from the Royal box by the hands of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge.

The excitement after Act III. might have been thought enough; but no, the end of Act III, containing the exquisitely pathetic soliloquy, "Angiol d'amore," and the final interview with the repentant Leonora, surpassed it; the delight of

the audience was unbounded. No less than six times was Signor Mario called before the curtain, each time to be greeted more and more enthusiastically. Scarcely one person among all the immense audience left the house until the curtain had slowly descended, while the solemn unisonous dirge accompanies the agonized despair of Fernando over the prostrate body of his Leonora. Then there was a veritable tumult. Signor Mario first came on with Mlle. Scalchi (Leonora), and Signor Bagagiolo (Baldassare), who (and Signor Cotogni—the King) had the honour to be his associates on this never-to-be-forgotten occasion. The other five calls were all, appropriately enough, for "Mario" alone. The whole house "rose at him," again and again; ladies waved handkerchiefs, and even joined the sterner sex in cheers and applause which were little short of overwhelming. We repeat that we have never witnessed such a leavetaking; and, with even more satisfaction, we may add that it was in honour of one whom we have for a long time considered and upheld as the greatest, most versatile, and, in all respects, thoroughly accomplished lyric artist of his day. Foreign artists often complain that English audiences are comparatively cold; but such an exhibition as that of Wednesday night must have convinced them that, under certain exceptional circumstances, an English audience can show as much warmth of feeling as any other. At any rate, Signor Mario could hardly fail to have been of that opinion.

(From the Daily Telegraph.)

Exit Mario. Last night the greatest operatic tenor of our time obeyed the final stage direction in the drama of his professional career, and quitted the scene, to return no more. "Le Roi est mort!" they cried once in the Palace of Versailles—"Vive le Roi!" and away rushed the courtiers through from the chamber of the dead to that of the living monarch. Men are always thus fortunate in their grosser idols. They can make them—finding a King, if need be, in the sheepfold or at the plough. But nobody, by taking thought, can manufacture a Mario. That sort of idol comes as it listeth—we know not whence, nor how. And it was a Mario we lost last night—a genius, that is to say, whose place, being empty, is likely so to remain. How many, bearing in mind all the pleasure given and received during more than thirty years, would be glad if they could say, "Mario is gone—welcome Mario!" But we look round in vain for the successor. There is a vacuum—a horror by nature, according to the old philosophers; in this case, assuredly, abhorred by heart—where so lately stood the most chivalrous of Raouls, the most honest of Fernandos, the most picturesque of Prophets, the most gallant of Fausts, the most—in one word, Mario. "Le Roi est mort!"—and that is all we say. But the reader may be impatient to know whether the close of the great tenor's career was a worthy ending. In such a case justice can only be satisfied with an apotheosis. It insists that there shall be no spluttering out of a light so brilliant. Since the light must expire, let it do so in a blaze of glory, dazzling the eyes of men and burning itself into their remembrance for evermore. Did Mario, in his last effort, satisfy these conditions? Emphatically, yes. Without saying that nothing in his professional life became him like the leaving it, we assert that his career was honoured in its close as much as the artist's warmest friends could wish. What an audience, for example, crowded the spacious Royal Italian Operahouse from floor to roof! It was, in truth, a representative audience, embracing all classes, from Royalty down to the amateurs who occasionally disburse half-a-crown for a gallery seat. But then and there, all were equal. Alike in the Royal box—where, by the way, sat the Duchess of Cambridge and the gracious "Princess Mary"—in the stalls, and in the gallery, reigned one feeling—enthusiasm for the great artist of whom the last was to be seen that night. How many present, we wonder, could remember the beginning of the career at the close of which they had come to assist, and could call to mind the night, thirty-two years ago, when the handsome Italian singer first stepped upon an English stage? There were a few, doubtless, who could do so; and these, we may be sure, were not the least moved in all that agitated throng, nor the least gratified at finding with what unanimity others whose experience of the artist had been chiefly in his decadence paid him the highest honour. But we doubt if any gradations of enthusiasm existed last night within the theatre walls. From all parts there went out a flood of sympathy for the hero of the occasion—such sympathy as was alike honourable to its source and to its object.

Signor Mario must have had some difficulty, one fancies, in selecting his last character, especially if he took his friends into consultation. Should he

play Raoul, or Faust, or Manrico, or this, or that, or the other in the long array of parts he had made his own? With a hundred advocates for each, he did well to fix upon Fernando—an object of common admiration. Not a murmur went forth when Donizetti's opera was announced. A murmur? Who should complain, forsooth, at the opportunity of seeing once more how anger can be made divine, how scorn can be lofty in more than semblance, how the majesty of an honest man can abash the majesty of a dishonest king, and how love and pity can almost consecrate sacrilege? To such a display Signor Mario's Fernando has accustomed us; and was it likely that anyone would murmur at the opportunity of witnessing it again? Happily, the agitation natural to such a time was powerless to affect the artist's last representation of, perhaps, his noblest character. Had he broken down the collapse would have surprised nobody, under the circumstances; but Signor Mario was stimulated rather than depressed. His singing revealed flashes of its old power, and, from first to last, his acting was superb.

We need not go again through the details of a performance so familiar. Every musical reader can follow it in imagination act by act, and fix with unerring certainty upon the points which elicited the loudest applause. But no fancy could conjure up the scene presented by the house as the opera progressed. Even after the first act there were two stentorian calls for "Mario," the cheering at each appearance being a tolerably strong intimation of what was to come. But the "ovation" after the great finale to Act 3—after, that is to say, one of the finest displays of art ever witnessed—was something to remember. Bouquets, wreaths, and more substantial honours, destined originally for the closing scene, were prematurely "exhibited," and rained down from the boxes, or flew up from the stalls, till the gratified recipient might well have cried, "Hold, enough!" Three times was Signor Mario summoned before the curtain, and three times did he retire, bearing his honours with him, the audience all the while shouting till the drowsiest echo about the theatre must have woken up and shouted back in response. Then came the sombre but magnificent last act, throughout which Signor Mario sang with a feeling almost painful in its intensity; and as the curtain slowly fell upon the most impressive *tableau* in all opera, it was some little while before the audience could shake off the effect. But, this once done, enthusiasm burst forth again, ten-fold more enthusiastic, if possible, than before. Everybody rose, first to set the example being the illustrious occupants of the Royal box, and everybody cheered, while the deeply affected artist made some five appearances, clearing the stage each time of the floral treasures which covered it. Nothing that an audience could do to show honour was left undone, and there is no knowing how long the hat-and-handkerchief-waving crowd would have continued their demonstration had not the lights been peremptorily turned down. Parting seemed, indeed hard, but one time had to be the last; and the white-robed figure eventually disappeared, to return no more. So ended one of the longest and one of the noblest of artistic careers. None who were present will ever forget the exit of Mario.

Dines for Future Music

Lady! very fair are you!
And your eyes are very blue,
And your nose!
And your brow is like the snow;
And the various things you know,—
Goodness knows!
And the rose-flush on your cheek,
And your Algebra and Greek,
Perfect are.
And that loving lustrous eye
Recognizes in the sky
"Ev'ry star!"
You have pouting, piquant lips;
You can doubtless an Eclipse
Calculate.
But for your cerulean hue,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate!
If, by an arrangement dual,
I were Adams, mixt with Whewell,
Then some day,
I a wooer perhaps might come
To so sweet an *Artium*
Magistra!

BUCKSTONE'S ANNUAL SPEECH ON THE GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.

"I am sure those who are here this evening have every reason to congratulate themselves on having so distinguished a chairman as Lord Dufferin; for it is something that a dramatic institution dinner should be presided over by the great-grandson of the author of the *School for Scandal*. I consider that no greater honour could be done to us than that of having as chairman the descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—on the mother's side. Ladies and gentlemen—I have had lately to appear in a piece wherein a country fellow tells me that he is a nephew on his mother's side, and I have had to reply, 'On your mother's side; that's a good side!' and so it is with us now. Our noble chairman has been to the West, and he has also visited Iceland—albeit that nothing icy remains in his composition; but, notwithstanding his travels and his high position, he has not hesitated to come here to-night. But I must speak of the subject of the evening. In doing so, I may say that this is an institution which stands by itself; it is not connected with any other dramatic society. It is also very respectable; for what with investments in the funds and other things, we have a capital of £13,000. Another feature about it is that it is governed by a council composed of thirteen ladies and eleven gentlemen—the ladies, as you see, predominating; but this is as it ought to be. The recipients of the bounty of this institution receive the aid it gives without doing anything in return, having worked hard and deserved it in years gone by. And now, ladies and gentlemen, having disposed of those dreadful monsters—figures—allow me to try and touch your hearts, and through them your pockets. You have all, I hope, enjoyed a good dinner, passed the bad quarter of an hour which precedes the repast with tolerable comfort—warmed up to conversation as you have progressed with your dinner; and now that your gossiping has reached the deep diapason which seems to speak peace and goodwill to all men, I think it is time that I should step in and appeal to your generosity. I want so to do it so that you will have to say, 'Hang that Buckstone! I only intended to give two guineas, and now here goes a five or ten-pound note.' There are a great many people who imagine that the drama might be improved—who think that a great many pieces which have never been acted would have totally reformed the stage; and they go so far as to suggest the establishment of a national theatre, to be subsidised by Government. I can fancy Mr. Lowe asking Parliament for money in aid of such a scheme—and I can also imagine the way in which his proposition would be met. As matters stand, however, we require a little help from the public. Our motto is that of the quaker who recommended his son to get money at all hazards; and so it is that we have come to ask your aid. I recollect that, many years ago, an old box-keeper at Drury Lane, when asked if the theatre was full, would reply, 'Yes, sir; Providence has been very good to us—very good,' adding presently, 'but it's bad times over at the Garden'—and so with us. Providence has been very good, and we are thankful. Amongst other things I have to rejoice about is that the Duke of Edinburgh will preside at our dinner next year, and I now hope that you will complete my happiness by heavy subscriptions, so that I may be able more fully to say that Providence has been very good to us."

HAL.—The inhabitants of this town having determined to raise a monument to the memory of Servais, the celebrated violoncellist, the municipal body have advertised for tenders to construct the said monument. The white marble statue of the deceased virtuoso is already lying in an out-building of the Hôtel de Ville.

BONN.—As already announced in the columns of the *Musical World*, the celebration of the Beethoven Centenary, which the war prevented from being held last year, will take place this August instead. Everything has been done to render due honour to the grand *maestro* in this his native town. That his works will be executed about as well as they can be executed, the reader will readily believe, when he is informed that in the orchestra, which will number one hundred and twelve performers, the violin will be represented by Herr Bargheer, Court-Chapelmaster, Detmold; Herr Engel, Court-Concertmaster, Oldenburg; Herr Uhlrich, Sondershausen; Herr Schultz, Brunswick; Herr Fr. Wenigmann, Aix-la-Chapelle; Herr Bartels, Dessau; Herr Franz Riez, London, and Herr Hanbold, Leipzig. Herr Straus, London, and Herr v. Königstow, Cologne, will be leaders. The soloist will be Herr Joseph Joachim. The tenors will be in the hands of Herr Hermann, Leipzig; M. De Bas, Bonnelt, and Herr Weise, Dessau. The list of violoncellists will comprise the names of Herr Grutzmacher, Dresden; Herr V. Muller, Frankfurt; Herr Ebert, Oldenburg; and Herr Rensburg, Cologne. In the ranks of the double-bassists will figure Herr Simon, Sondershausen; Professor Bernier, Brussels Conservatory; Herr Wernthal, Brunswick; and Herr Breuer, Cologne. In the "wind" department the services of twenty-one Chamber-Musicians from Hanover have been secured, in addition to those of other artists in the same line. The chorus will consist of four hundred singers, of either sex, recruited from Aix-la-Chapelle, Barmen, Coblenz, Cologne, Crefeld, Elberfeld, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, and Neuwied, besides from Bonn itself.

"BALFE STATUE" FUND.

THE COMMITTEE, representing the Proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre has accepted a proposal, made by the Friends of the late Mr. BALFE, to place in the Vestibule of the National Theatre a STATUE of our eminent Composer. Your kind support is requested in aid of this tribute.

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John Barnett	5 0 0	Julius Reuter	10 10 0

DEATHS.

On July 14, at 17, Sloane Street, HANNAH, wife of WILLIAM EAVESTAFF, pianoforte manufacturer, in her 74th year.
On June 24, the Rev. W. F. HAMILTON M.A., many years superintendent at the Royal Academy of Music.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. W.—"The moon has raised her lamp above" is in the major key. An edition is published in G major.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

THAT, thanks to the number of special correspondents, and their undoubted talent, the London press keeps you inhabitants of the great metropolis, and its suburbs, including India, Australia, Canada, and a few other small localities, perfectly well posted up in what is going on here in Paris, is a fact so well established, that it may, perhaps, seem superfluous in me to add my mite. Still I will venture to do so. The harvest may be very carefully carried off all the fields of a farm, and a goodly number of ricks—in addition to thousands of sheaves compressed into barns, till the latter threaten to burst from an attack of cereal apoplexy—may be the result, yet there may be plenty left for the gleaner; or, again, though a man may imagine he has polished a mutton-chop bone off very neatly, poor dog Tray, or any other member of the canine tribe, will find, nevertheless, a good deal on it. My case is something similar. I think I can scrape together a few pickings, even after the large party of newspaper correspondents have written their full. Happening to be once more on the banks of the Seine, I cannot resist sending you a few lines. If they do not suit your columns, you can consign them to the grave of all the

Capulets, which, in this case, may be very aptly represented by your waste paper basket.

I will begin with the Opéra-Comique. Great fears were entertained of there being inseparable difficulties in the way of its re-opening. The commercial company who own the building were very clamorous, I have been informed, on the question of back rent, and there was nothing settled about a subsidy from Government. However, at the eleventh hour, just as the *troupe* seemed on the point of being broken up and dispersed over the four quarters of the globe, the *Société de l'Immeuble*, or League of Landlords, thinking, probably, that half a loaf is better than no bread, lowered their tone—brought it down, so to speak, to the pitch of present Opéra-Comique resources—and consented to waive the settlement of arrears until such time as the subsidy question was placed on a definite basis.

All preliminary difficulties having been so far satisfactorily overcome, the artists formed a sort of joint-stock company, under the nominal management of MM. Leuven and Du Locle. Their first intention was to open with *Zampa*, but Auber's death caused a change of plan. It was unanimously decided that it would only be paying a just tribute to the illustrious composer, who has done so much for the Opéra-Comique, to re-open with one of his works, and, accordingly, *Le Domino Noir* was substituted for *Zampa*.

The performance went off in a very satisfactory manner. Besides singing in the opera, M. Montaubry recited with great feeling some charming verses, entitled "Hommage à Auber." They are from the pen of M. Louis Gallet. The other artists in *Le Domino Noir* were Mdlle. Cico, Mdlle. Decroix, Ponchard, and Melchisédec.

Auber's sparkling work is now replaced in the bills by *Zampa*. M. Lhéris sustains the principal part. He is already a favourite. He possesses a fine voice, and an excellent method; he displays more than ordinary talent as an actor, and, what is more, he is young. It is his own fault if his career does not turn out a prosperous one. A fair young artist, Mdlle. Reine, sustained the part of Rita; M. Barnold, from the Athénée, was Dandolo, and M. Potel, Daniel.

For the present, there will be only three, or, at most, four performances a week. There are not enough artists, it appears, to give more, and artists will be scarce for some time. One of the reasons for this is that tenors, basses, and baritones, evince, here at least, a decided aversion to joint-stock speculations; and, though they all admit that sacrifices must be made, very few are desirous of enforcing opinion by action. Many, too, have signed engagements which will bind them for years. M. Capoul goes to America; M. Achard is learning Italian, and M. Leroy is doing the same. There is one consolation, however. "There are as good fish in the sea as e'er came out." Who knows but that, this day twelvemonth, young tenors, basses, and baritones, now unknown, and who, had it not been for the turn things have unexpectedly taken, would probably have been

"Born to sing unheard,
Or waste their voices in a cabaret;"

who knows, I repeat, but that the said young tenors, basses, and baritones, may not, ere the earth has again travelled round the Ecliptic, have caused the public to forget, or, at any rate, to cease regretting, those artists who chose to desert the scene of their former triumphs?

The Grand Opera—"Imperial" Opera no longer—will, it is said, be under the management of M. Halanzier, while

M. Perrin is to succeed M. Thierry as manager of the Théâtre-Français. I do not vouch for the accuracy of this statement. I merely give it for what it is worth. Meanwhile, the artists of the Grand Opera, imitating their brethren of the Opéra-Comique, have adopted, provisionally, the sharing principle. They, too, opened with a work, *La Muette de Portici*, by the illustrious master whom the world has just lost. The second opera given was *Le Trouvère*, the bill being completed by the ballet of *Némée*. Mesdames Gueymard and Bloch were greatly applauded in the opera; in the ballet Mdlle. Fiore was the great attraction. By the way, I forgot to mention that this young lady, Mdlle. Fiore, was the Fenella on the opening night, and a charming Fenella she made.

The company of the Théâtre-Lyrique, including MM. Duwast, Neveu, Giraudet, Mesolles, Werckham, Baudier, and Farmi, are endeavouring to make some arrangement so as to have a season at the Athénée until their own theatre is restored. They likewise will adopt the joint-stock principle, under the management of M. Martinet. It is said that M. Constantin will resign the post, or rather the *bâton*, of conductor. His secession would be severely felt. There are few musicians who could get up *La Folie à Rome*, *Le Docteur Crispin*, *Les Masques*, and *Les Brigands*, better than, or, indeed, as well as, M. Constantin. In proposing to retire, he is actuated by the most noble and disinterested motive. Being aware of the privations endured, during the last six or eight months, by the members of the orchestra, who, even at the best of times, do not gain more than they know very well what to do with, he made it a condition that the sharing system should not be applied to them, but that their salaries should, on the contrary, be guaranteed. M. Martinet refused to adopt M. Constantin's view of the matter; so he will have to look out for another conductor, unless, as is not improbable, he eventually yields to his generous-minded antagonist.

The Théâtre des Variétés has renounced music for the present. Les Bouffes have as yet given no signs of life. As for the Italiens, nothing definite has been decided. Some say that M. Bagier will again be manager, while others assert that M. Letellier, who comes from the Monnaie at Brussels, will be at the helm of affairs. Which of these assertions is right, and which wrong, or whether both are right—no! I do not mean that. I mean: or whether both are wrong, is a point I shall not attempt to decide. I am in no particular hurry about the matter, and Time will settle it quite speedily enough for me.

I hinted, when speaking of the Théâtre Lyrique company, at the damage inflicted on their theatre. As you are aware, it was set fire to, but it will not require so much as was at first supposed, to restore it to its normal state. The front of the house is a complete wreck, it is true; the stage, however, has not suffered very greatly, while the dressing rooms, offices, etc., are nearly untouched. The library and costumes were saved. The scenery had, by order of the Government, been removed during the first siege. The manager's room was sadly injured, owing to its proximity to the *auditorium*. M. Martinet had had some valuable pictures moved there. They were all burnt. With regard to the fate of the pictures—all of them, that is to say, except works there, all of them, including M. Pascal Duprat's, shared one, which was saved. It was a work by M. Membree. The old Grand Opera luckily escaped the fate of the Porte St. Martin, which is a heap of ruins. The Porte St. Martin did not take long to erect, having been run up in an inconceivably short time; but, alas! it took still less time to destroy.

I shall always preserve many pleasant reminiscences of the old house. One night, in particular, I shall never forget. I had escorted a young lady to whom I thought I was fondly attached—and so I was, I am still pretty well sure—and who, I also thought, was fondly attached to me—and so she was not, I am perfectly sure, for she shortly afterwards married a mean, contemptible little wretch, because he happened to possess a fine balance at his banker's, as if there was any merit in that. Never mind; there is a Nemesis, after all. She (the False one, not Nemesis) is now as bulky and unshapely as a water-butt, and has a family of ten children. Well, on the occasion to which I refer, the play was either *La Tour de Nesle*, *Antony*, or *Marion de Lorme*. During the first act my attention was fully taken up with watching the course of the drama, and the effect it produced upon my fair companion. At the fall of the curtain, however, I had time to look round. After sweeping the front of the house with my glass, I directed the latter towards the stage-boxes, when—oh! horror!—I distinctly beheld the big drum, or rather the performer on that popular instrument, in the corner of the orchestra, wink—deliberately wink—at my Julia. I gasped for breath, as people say! What else *should* I gasp for? Could I be mistaken? No! He winked again. Concealing my agitation as best I could, I looked at Julia. She was perfectly unconcerned, though she could not have failed to observe the offensive style of homage paid her. Could it be possible that—I determined to keep a vigilant watch. I did so all through the piece, and, during each *entr'acte*, the same *manège* was repeated. At the conclusion of the fifth act, I could restrain myself no longer. With a look intended to crush her, I said, "Julia, are you not ashamed of yourself?"—"Ashamed!" she replied, "Why?"—"Why," I repeated, with an expression of withering scorn. "Are you aware that yonder scoundrel has been winking at you all the evening?" "Perfectly," she answered, with an unruffled air. "You are?—and yet—" "See," she exclaimed, interrupting me, "he is winking at you now!" So he was! Winking at me!—adding insult to injury!—But no! A musician—the triangles, I think—addressed him, and he winked at *him*; he looked at a lady on the opposite side of the house, and he winked at *her*! My jealousy faded as quickly as it had started into life. The mystery was explained! Julia was not false—she did not love another (not *then*, at least). The big drum was suffering from a nervous affection of the left optic nerve!—May I observe that those were happy days?

O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.

To *revenir à mes moutons*, I may wind up this part of my letter by stating that neither the Opéra-Comique nor the Italiens ever ran any danger.

The Conservatory has been re-opened. It is supposed the illustrious composer of *La Muette*, *Fra Diavolo*, and so many other *chefs-d'œuvre*, will be succeeded by M. Ambroise Thomas.

I do not think I have any more to add, except that M. Pasdeloup has resumed his Concerts Populaires, every Monday and Friday; and that among the houses destroyed by the cannon is Rossini's. It has been hit by more than fifty shells. The room in which the great *maestro* died is a heap of ruins. Madame Rossini intends having the house thoroughly restored at once.—Yours,

GLENER.

LEIPZIG.—A new opera, *Des Bruders Heimkehr*, by Herr Franz von Holstein, will be produced at the Stadttheater in the autumn.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The annual general meeting of the Philharmonic Society was held on Monday evening last. The Hon. Treasurer congratulated the members of the Society on the termination of a successful season, the subscriptions, sale of single tickets and programmes, shewing a considerable increase on those of former years. An unanimous vote of thanks was passed to Mdlle. Linzbauer, for her valuable gift of the original bust of Beethoven to the Society. The Directors have had five casts taken of this bust, in order to guard against any accident happening to the original, and which it is their intention to present to—

The University of Cambridge, through Sir W. Sterndale Bennett.

The Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain.

The Royal Academy of Music.

The Crystal Palace, per G. Grove, Esq.

Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons.

They have also had a gold medal struck in commemoration of the centenary of Beethoven, and for occasional presentation to artists of distinguished eminence for services rendered to the Society. The execution of the medal has been entrusted to Mr. Leonard C. Wyon, who has made use of the bust for the profile portrait. It is to be presented to the following artists—

Mdlle. Linzbauer née Ponting, Mdlle. Arabella Goddard, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Thérèse Tietjens, Mdlle. Helène Lemmens Sherrington, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, Herr Joseph Joachim, Mons. Charles Gounod, Mr. Charles Santley, Mr. W. G. Cousins.

The best thanks of the Society were voted to the directors of the past season; to Mr. W. G. Cousins the conductor, to Mr. Doyné Bell for his kindness in translating and arranging the documents and letters relating to Beethoven, which are about to be issued with a photograph of the bust, to the subscribers to the Society; and to Mr. G. A. Macfarren for the kind and liberal manner in which he had acted, with regard to the analytical and historical programmes edited by him.

Messrs. G. F. Anderson and Calkin were re-elected Hon. Treasurers, Mr. Stanley Lucas Secretary, and Messrs. Osborne, Dorrell, and J. Thomas, Hon. Auditors; with thanks to each of those gentlemen for services rendered to the society.

The ballot for Directors for next season resulted in the election of—

Mr. G. F. Anderson, Mr. Walter Macfarren, Mr. J. McMurdie, Mr. C. E. Stephens, Mr. J. Williams, Mr. M. C. Wilson, Mr. J. T. Calkin.

A vote of thanks to the chair concluded the meeting.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR PETERS,—The question as to the Minuet in the *Messiah* is an interesting one, though it can hardly be decided on the very vague and third-hand evidence adduced by the editor of the *Musical Standard*. Moreover, that gentleman is so inaccurate in his statements on other matters, as to destroy all one's confidence in him. I have not been able to examine all Handel's overtures; but the sixty which I have examined tell a very different tale from that which he imputes to them. Of these sixty:—

Two are in one movement: *Acis and Galatea* and *Joshua* ("Introduction").

Twenty are in two movements, including *Messiah*, *Belshazzar*, and eight out of the ten *Chandos Anthems*.

Twenty-seven are in three movements, and seven others have also from seven to thirteen bars of slow movement interpolated in the middle or end of the *allegro*.

Lastly, nine are in four movements proper.

One of the editor's remarks is curiously unfortunate, since, of the three Overtures which he cites as "possessing but two movements," *Saul* has four, *Joshua* but one (the second movement given in Watts's arrangement being only the first Chorus of the Oratorio), and *Susannah* virtually four, the *allegro* being cut in half by ten bars *lento*.

I should suggest an inquiry being made of Sir Frederick Ouseley, who is known to possess an early and very important copy of the *Messiah*, used, if I mistake not, for the performance in Dublin.—Yours eternally,

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD (BART.).

COLOGNE.—The concert of the Tonkünstler-Verein was characterized by an interesting programme, which included two Four-handed Marches for Pianoforte, Joachim; Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello, Ferdinand Hiller; Duet for two Violins, Spohr; two Solo Pieces for Pianoforte, Hiller; Songs for Soprano, Hiller; and Trio, Raff.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A PRESENT was made to Signor Mario on the occasion of his benefit, in the form of a testimonial, which consists of an elegant octagon-shaped casket, richly ornamented with gold mounts, having a medallion on which is engraved a verse laudatory of the recipient. It contains a set of salvers of exquisite design, with borders of frosted silver, and the centre of each bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Signor Mario on his final retirement from the lyric stage by a sincere admirer of his splendid talents. July 19, 1871." The casket was manufactured by Messrs. Hancock and Co., of Bruton Street, and has on the outside the following verse:—

"Mario! to thee there can be no farewell;
Each look, each tone, in memory doth dwell.
To those unborn, not having seen thy face,
'Twere useless to describe each manly grace.
For us 'tis but another season o'er,
Making each impress deeper than before."

MARIO's farewell suggests that, instead of accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, members of the House of Commons might with propriety be allowed a farewell night, and thus disappear with rather more *éclat* than that which now attends their retirement. An elderly member, or statesman who has in his day not made too free a use of his tongue, might be allowed for once perfect "freedom of debate," and to bring out any expletives he has bottled up through a long career of intended usefulness. This would be considered by many a sufficient reward for their exertions, and induce them perhaps to make their bows at an earlier period than they are now in the habit of doing. It would, moreover, lead them often to refrain from expounding their views at inconvenient length, and to reserve themselves for the grand finale, when they would have an opportunity of expressing themselves freely upon their various crotchets. A retiring member led out of the House by the Speaker and the Sergeant-at-arms, half smothered with bouquets, would not only feel that he had not utterly wasted his opportunities, but would also afford an example to younger members who, by silent devotion to their duties, would endeavour to merit a similar ovation; and this again leads to the question whether the transaction of business in the House would not be much facilitated by the introduction of an orchestra, and if no speeches were made without the accompaniment of music. Speaking would then be confined chiefly to good tenors and baritones. The ruck of members would deliver their speeches in chorus, and by thus speaking together much valuable time would be saved. A striking effect would be produced if on occasions like the debate on the Army Regulation Bill strains of music were heard in the distance from the other house; now rising to grandeur, now sinking to expostulation, as Lord Salisbury or Lord Granville addressed their fellow peers on the merits of the question; then the toll of a bell might announce the numbers of the division—one toll for each vote; then a crash of wild music in the Commons, then a solo by Mr. Gladstone, then more music expressive of resignation, dissolution, or a royal warrant, as the case might be, and the curtain would drop on a scene which could not fail to make a vivid impression on the country, and excite a keener interest in the proceedings of the House than is felt at present.

THE general depression of musical affairs on the Continent has not, as some fancied might be the case, proved beneficial to England. The result has been a greater number of inferior singers than usual in our concert-rooms. Many of these are said to complain of English want of appreciation, want of hospitality, and so on; but even in ordinary years, more singers and musicians from abroad than there is any place for in our musical system visit London, while this year the number has been out of all proportion to our necessities. We have had two Italian companies and two or more French companies among us, besides a whole legion of foreign vocalists unattached. We have had even a Brussels company in London—driven, we imagine, from its habitation by the musical emigration from Paris, which seems to have taken the direction of Belgium more than that of England. All the great singers of the Continent were already known in London, and were for the most part in the habit of visiting us before the terrible

events which closed the theatres and concert-rooms of Paris. Our gains may be summed up in Mdle. Marimon and M. Capoul. Put these on one side, and there are few of the remainder who will remember with satisfaction their appearance, or endeavours to appear, in London. This, from an international point of view, is to be regretted; but it was inevitable.

I HAVE often wondered whether, when encores are energetically demanded or persistently refused—or both—commercial principles could be involved in the proceedings. Do the audience want to get as much as possible for their money, and is the singer, whose performances are “redemanded,” determined to keep up his market value by giving what he has engaged to give, and no more? However this may be in England, in America there are amateurs who take the view of the matter I have ventured to suggest. Miss Kellogg had been advertised to sing three songs at Waterbury, in Connecticut; whereupon the *Waterbury American* points out that, by encoring each, Miss Kellogg may be compelled to give not three songs, but six. “Six songs by Miss Kellogg,” exclaims the critic, “to be had in our own City Hall—tickets, one dollar! Frequently have two dollars been paid to hear her sing two songs in the large halls in the great cities.” Whether Miss Kellogg, whose terms at New York appear to be a dollar a head per song, was prevailed upon to sing to the Waterbury people at the rate of six songs per dollar, has not yet been reported.—*Shaver Silber.*

A committee, of which Mr. Dion Boucicault acts as honorary secretary, is doing its utmost to raise funds for the erection of a memorial, in the form of a statue, to the late Michael Balfe—the gifted and genial composer who was so recently still among us; and it is to be hoped that a generous response will be made to the appeal. The claims of such a name as Balfe's to the most extended recognition by the public for which he has worked so well, are threefold. First, let his bright and original genius be pleaded—genius that must ever confer lustre on the country which gave him birth. Next, let us remember the man himself—modest, cheerful, and warm-hearted. Lastly, let us bear in mind that what we have been so tardy in doing would have been accomplished long since in other countries; nay, so far as Balfe is concerned, foreign nations have to a certain extent anticipated the laudable design of Mr. Boucicault's committee. It is the pleasant custom in lyrical theatres abroad to inscribe on tablets along the principal tier of boxes the names of the most celebrated composers in ancient and modern times. From Paris to Brussels, from Florence to Barcelona, will be found, in a hundred opera-houses, such simple and significant commemoration of Michael William Balfe. Yet what public record of him do we find in that metropolis whose chief lyrical temples witnessed the performance of his greatest works? Is there anything in the Haymarket to remind us of the composer of *Falstaff*, at Covent Garden to recall the author of *The Rose of Castille*, at Drury-lane to bring back the name of him who wrote the *Siege of Rochelle* and the *Bohemian Girl*, at the Lyceum to remind us of *Kecianthe*, or at the Princess's to note the production of *The Four Sons of Aymon* and the *Lover's Well*? A gracefully appropriate suggestion has been made, that the Balfe statue should be placed in the atrium of the national theatre for which, in far-off days, Balfe did so much—that his counterfeit presentment should find a home in the entrance-hall of Drury Lane. Most probably this suggestion will be carried out; but, under any circumstances, we hope that the undertaking will be brought to an issue worthy of its object. It would be better to abandon the scheme altogether, than to rest content with an inadequate memorial. If there be anything in statues at all—if there be any virtue left in emblems, in symbols, and mementoes of the departed—Michael William Balfe deserves as graceful a statue as the chisel of our most famous sculptor could produce.

MILAN.—Madame Cinti-Damoreau sang, at the last concert given by the Royal Conservatory of Music, the grand air from M. Gounod's *Faust*, and a ballad by Signor Faccio.

NAPLES.—It may be recorded as a sign of a return to good taste on the part of the public here, that *Don Giovanni* has been produced with brilliant success at the Fondo.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S CONCERT.

Under any circumstances, a concert given in the name of so distinguished a professor as Mr. Lindsay Sloper would have an attraction of its own. But a special interest belonged to that which recently took place in Hanover Square Rooms, and to which, in our last issue, we had only time to make a very brief reference. Mr. Sloper, we understand, goes to America shortly, as solo pianist and accompanist to an English concert party, including Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Santley. A trip across the Atlantic is reckoned now-a-days a smaller matter than our forefathers used to account the often-quoted journey to London, in view of which they made their wills. Still, it is an occasion of sufficient importance to justify a man in asking his friends for a hearty “God speed;” and the fact gave special interest to an otherwise interesting concert.

Mr. Sloper took a prominent part at his *matinée*, and essayed music, both classical and popular, with all the success to be expected in the case of an artist so able and experienced. Among the classical selections with which he had to do were Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for piano-forte, violin (Mdle. Liebe), and violoncello (Signor Pezze), and Beethoven's *Sonata Pastorale*—works amply sufficient to display both the executant's manipulative skill and artistic perception. Mr. Sloper further took part with Mr. G. A. Osborne in a brilliant and effective duet by the latter gentleman, on themes from *Don Giovanni*, and, with Mdme. Carlotta Tasca and Miss Fanny Hart, in Sir Julius Benedict's admirable arrangement for three performers on two pianofortes of a hitherto unpublished Andante and Mazurka by Chopin. Lastly, the concert-giver played Chopin's familiar Impromptu in A flat; a “Study” in F minor by M. Stephen Heller; and his own extremely graceful and pretty “Felice” waltz. It cannot be necessary to state in detail how this ample morning's work was got through. Mr. Sloper is no upstart pianist of yesterday, but one who has endured the test of criticism so long and so well, that critics may now be content to let him alone.

With regard to the remaining instrumental pieces, it must be said that Mdle. Liebe played some variations in D minor for Vieuxtemps with all the style and certainty of execution she has made familiar to English audiences; and that Signor Pezze was pleasurably heard in some little *morceaux* by Schumann. The vocalists were Madame Corani, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Maybrick, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley, of whom the last two gentlemen specially distinguished themselves. Mr. Cummings in “O ma maitresse” (encored), a song he always renders, with much grace, and Mr. Santley in his own “Only to love,” as well as in “The Sailor's Return,” a spirited new composition by Mr. J. L. Hatton. MM. Ganz and Lehmyer divided the accompanist's work, and helped towards the well-earned success of the entertainment.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

If it had not been for the Gaiety performance of the *Princesse de Trebizonde*, the English section of the audience would certainly not have enjoyed the revival on Monday evening as thoroughly as it did. The excitement was genuine. Nearly every popular number was encored vehemently. With such piquancy did Madame Zulma Bouffar sing “Quand je suis sur la corde raide,” that this was, as it were, the signal for a bouquet of encores. The singers being good-natured, they were mercifully treated. Madame Van Gheel's turn came next for her rendering of the lyric “Une jeune fille passant,” which tells us how Raphael first fell in love. A second time Miss Regina was called upon the stage for her jodel song at the commencement of the second act. The huntsman's chorus, “Au bois on chasse,” was so crisply delivered that another encore followed as a matter of course. The ballad which details, with a quaintness not unworthy of Böh, the story of the “Femme du Grand Rhotomago,” sung with irresistible archness by Madame Fonti, was given again, and brought the second act to a merry finale. Here will be found the toothache song, “Ah! j'ai mal aux dents,” cleverly warbled by Madame Van Gheel. The duet of temptation, “Ah! ne me tente pas,” sung and acted with exceeding *verve* by M. Bonnet and Madame Zulma Bouffar, and the chorus of pages, one of the very prettiest things in the whole opera. All these last movements were encored, and no stronger proof could be given of the enjoyment of the audience than the fact that the “encore-system” was rigidly supported from half-past eight until midnight. The appearance of Madame Thierret, in the character of Paola, added considerably to the general effect. A rare notion of fun has Madame Thierret, who has only to look at the audience to cause immediate laughter. M. Desire, Madame Zulma Bouffar, Madame Van Gheel, and Madame Fonti, whether they have much voice or not, possess a wonderful art of expressing a song, and the pages look extremely well. M. Raphael Felix commenced his new campaign with a most successful representation of *Les Brigands*, but we anticipate a still greater triumph for the more melodious and interesting *Princesse de Trebizonde*.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE extra concert given by Mr. Gye in the Floral Hall on Saturday was well attended, and passed off in a manner as satisfactory as its predecessors. Nearly all the company attached to the adjoining Opera House appeared, and, as the selections were of full average interest, the gratification of the audience is not difficult to imagine. Madame Patti took part with M. Faure in "La ci darem," with Messrs. Radcliffe and Young in the trio for voice and two flutes from *L'Etoile du Nord*, and sang "Home, sweet home," in her most expressive manner. Hardly less honour fell to M. Faure in his own *Les Rameaux*, while the solos allotted to the other members of the company obtained a due measure of applause, as applause goes at a morning performance. Madame Arabella Goddard played Thalberg's fantasia on *Don Giovanni* and Benedict's *Erin* with her accustomed brilliancy; and the Prayer from *Masaniello* was well sung by the chorus, who also took part with the principals in the Prayer from *Mosè*. But the vocal event of the afternoon was Signor Mario's last appearance in the concert-room—an event only second in interest to his last performance on the stage. The songs chosen by him were, appropriately enough, Schubert's "Adieu" and Hatton's "Good-bye, Sweetheart." How these were given the reader can assume; and if we refrain from present comment upon the "farewell" they embodied, it is only because a better opportunity is at hand. The "conductors" were Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Vianesi, and Signor Bevignani.

The number of benefit concerts—that is to say, concerts given by individual artists for the benefit of themselves—has been smaller than usual this summer. Nor has there been anything altogether new in the way of musical entertainments; though the very amusing entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul presents, in its actual form, several new features. We may cite, in particular, the songs sung by Mrs. Howard Paul in imitation of Theresa. Here the imitation is better than the original; so much so that we believe the imitation would itself be imitated if the original could only hear it. Several scenes from the operatic extravaganza of *Gil Blas*, in which Mrs. Paul achieved such brilliant success last winter at the Princess's, are now introduced into the entertainment, which includes, besides much effective music, many excellent impersonations (already familiar to the public) by both Mr. and Mrs. Paul.

In the playing of Mdlle. Sophia Flora Heilbron, the young pianist who on Wednesday week gave a *matinée* at St. George's Hall, there is nothing of the "infant phenomenon" element. Indeed, although only thirteen years of age, Mdlle. Heilbron may be pronounced almost an adult in her profession. Her concert was held under a most imposing array of patrons, and the result was most satisfactory. The young *beneficiaire* had set herself no light task, her share in the programme consisting of two sonatas for piano and violin—one by Dussek in B flat, and the other by Beethoven in C minor (her coadjutor in each instance being Mr. Chaudreau Lane); Liszt's fantasia on the march from *Tannhäuser*, an impromptu of her own, and a solo on "A te o cara" (*Clarice*), by Fumagalli. Mdlle. Heilbron was uniformly successful. In both sonatas she evinced musicianly appreciation; while in Liszt's piece, and in her own impromptu—a clever little composition—her execution fully merited the applause bestowed. The room was well attended.

WELSH CHORAL UNION.—The sixth and last concert of the season took place at the Concert Hall, Store Street, on Monday evening, before a large audience. The usual quantity of popular Welsh music was given, and received with the most enthusiastic applause. "The Rising of the Lark," "Cambria's Lament," and "The Camp," each given for the first time, were excellently sung by the choir; Mendelssohn's "The deep repose of night," and "The Nightingale," received equal justice, thanks to the drilling of the conductor, who has spared no exertions. Mr. Brinley Richards played his "Recollections of Wales" with brilliant effect, and Mr. John Thomas gave two of his harp solos, gaining much applause. Miss Edith Wynne sang "Ocean, thou mighty monster," and a Welsh melody (encored), accompanied on the harp by Mr. John Thomas. Mr. Arthur Byron sang a new song by Duggan (accompanied by the composer), which was also encored. A new tenor, Mr. W. F. Enderby, with a good voice and style, sang a song by Blumenthal. The Misses R. M. Nott, Elene Angile, Wigan Watts, Ellen Horne, Annie Edmonds, Mesdames Poole and Baby-Barrett, sang several vocal pieces with more or less effect. Mrs. Henry Davis and Mr. W. Henry Thomas presided at the pianoforte. The season of the Welsh Choral Union has been, we are glad to record, a successful one in every way.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S morning concert took place on Wednesday in the Concert Hall, Store Street, before a crowded audience, the artists engaged being, with few exceptions, pupils of Mr. L. Cottell. Amongst the concerted music which call for notice were G. A. Macfarren's trio, "The Troubadour," Smart's "Queen of the Night," and Bishop's "Blow, gentle gales," sung by Miss Dwight, Madame Barrington, and Mr. W. C. Bell. Madame Barrington is an American, with a good contralto voice. She gave Benedict's "By the sad sea waves" most artistically. Mdlle. Anita Leonie, from Brazil, made her first appear-

ance, and sang with feeling and judgment an aria of Donizetti's, and "Di tanti palpiti," &c. Mdlle. Marie Christine, in De Gioso's waltz aria, "I am a Fishermaiden," created quite a *furor* by her animated and pleasing style. Mr. Alfred Bennett, in "Alice, where art thou?" and "Thy Image on my pillow beams," sang to the gratification of all present, and was encored in "Dearer to me, my soul, thou art," as was also Mr. W. C. Bell in the national song, "The War Cry's Hush'd," which he sang with graceful effect. Miss Dwight sang in good style Wallace's pretty air, "The Song of May." Miss Kate Fuller gave Ascher's brilliant and popular transcription of "Alice, where art thou?" and Miss Emilie Digby Seymour, by her charming and graceful performance of Bache's "Irresistible" galop, delighted all her listeners. M. Carl Weber gave his own transcription of "The War Cry's Hush'd," which was well received. Miss Nina Morella and Mr. Ascher contributed some vocal pieces, and Mesdames Marden, Melina Wade, E. Langley, Irving, Madame Walter Bull, with Master Briscoe, F. W. Hiller, &c., gave solos on the pianoforte by Benedict, Welv, Weber, Dury, Liebich, &c., all of which were applauded. Mr. Lansdowne Cottell and Mr. C. F. Weber were the conductors.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—The Brighton Amateur Madrigal Union lately gave a concert in the Lecture Hall of the Lewes Mechanics' Institution in aid of the building fund of St. John's school, in that town. There was a large, influential, and fashionable attendance. The Rev. G. Cotterill officiated as conductor; the Rev. A. P. Perfect contributed a couple of songs; and Mr. A. H. Browning gave a reading between the parts.

MARGATE.—The Hall-by-the-Sea has been well filled since the hot weather set in. Visitors have "poured" into the town, and consequently Messrs. Spiers and Pond's establishment has reaped the benefit. Madame Marie Stocken and Miss Marie Courtenay are the lady vocalists at present engaged; Madame Stocken is well known as an accomplished vocalist, and has sustained her reputation by the admirable manner in which she has sung many difficult vocal pieces, including "Ernani Involami," which has been received with immense applause, and always re-demanded. Miss Marie Courtenay is a new acquisition. She possesses an excellent contralto voice, which she manages artistically. Her singing "Come back to Erin," and "The Beating of my own Heart," produced a very favourable impression, and her success was decided. Mr. Thaddeus Wells is the conductor, and Mr. Hingston the manager of the concerts.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

If we are to believe the Paris *Figaro*, *Liberté*, and other French papers, a French composer, usually residing at St. Cloud, took refuge in Paris during the war. As soon as the withdrawal of the German troops rendered such a step possible, he hastened to see in what state his house was. His anxiety may be more easily imagined than described when the reader is informed that the subject of this narrative had, in his hurry, left behind him an unfinished score, on which he founded great hopes. His heart beat more and more violently the nearer he approached his old habitation. What was his horror to find that only one wall had been left standing! Through the tears which flowed copiously down his cheeks, he perceived in the wall, at some distance from the ground, the door of a cupboard, with the key sticking in the key-hole. It was in that cupboard he had placed his cherished score. Rushing away, he fetched a ladder, and, placing it against the wall, mounted the rungs! With a trembling hand, he opened the door of the cupboard, and there—could he believe his eyes?—perceived the score. Nearly mad with joy at finding his work so miraculously saved, he rushed off with it home, and immediately sat down to the piano. To his unutterable astonishment, he discovered that the score he had left unfinished was completely terminated, while the following lines in German were inscribed on the last page.

"Mein bester College, wollen Sie meine Collaboration annehmen? Wenn Ihnen meine Musik anganchen scheint, hier ist meine Adresse: Goetheplatz, 104, in Frankfurt-am-Main. Könnemann, Capelmeister des 22ten Linien-Regiments."

(My dear Colleague, will you accept my collaboration? Should my music please you, here is my address: No. 104, Goethe Place, Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Könnemann, Bandmaster of the 22nd Regiment of the Line.)

BADEN.—At the fourth Musical *Matinée*, Herr Hugo Hermann was the principal instrumentalist. He performed Vieuxtemps' G minor Violin Concert, and the adagio from the D minor Concerto by Spohr.

A PROVINCIAL VIEW OF THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

TO GEORGE GROVE, ESQ., C.P.

I send you, as requested, my impressions of the Handel Triennial Festival, but more particularly of the *Messiah*, which was performed on Monday; for not only is it the sun of Handel's Creation, but it is the saturation to familiarity of every village choir and every feeling ear throughout the land. Not only that, but as being the Monday performance, the first surprise of the celebration displayed itself for the repeated gratification on the two successive occasions. There had been some slight changes in the arrangements; the length of the Palace had been shut off by screens, so as to give the central transept a concentration, though the seats were carried far back to allow the 22,000, as it is stated, to sit and hear. By 2 o'clock, the hour appointed, the whole vast area, galleries and vistas, were placed, and the orchestra, with its 4,000 performers, the pick of England's profession, waiting for the wand. And then at the second note of "God save the Queen," which gave us the cue, the audience rose as one and heard the representation as they never have heard it before (whether they will ever hear it again as on this occasion is a question). The treble began, taken up by the tenor, the bass, and then the full force of an *ensemble* offered the homage of excellence to England's National Anthem. There, we know now what we may expect,—a precision that defied scrutiny, in an aplomb of sound that came as a volume of unified articulation. I have stated that every one knows the words and the music of the "Messiah" by heart, so criticism, in the release from novelty, lent itself to discrimination. The Overture represents the oratorio. The world in uncertainty looking here and there; then the sharp emanation of glorified light beams on the bewildered; followed by rank after rank of the angelic host surging forward in electric display to disperse as the fresh advance is preparing its precipitation. Then comes the systematized description of the progressive development from darkness to redemption in luminous culmination. The consolation, the birth, the wonderful symphony that floated upwards and hung above us as a benediction; our disobedience. (I have always thought that there was too much gratified consciousness in the vivacity of the sheep; if the text had been "are gone astray" instead of "have," the music would have been more reciprocal). You know the whole consecutive as glorified in the Hallelujah, and shadowed in the reverberative consolation, the Amen, and concluding in these five great exhaustive notes, that seem to release the mind from the paralysis of attention. What is to be said of the solos? We have not to put distinguishment on the strain, for they were as dissimilar as (if I may be allowed a comparison, the result of a theory I entertain of taste and sound upon the feeling as regards the similarity) as ices. Madame Trebelli-Bettini was apricot ice, so rich in the softening refinement; how different was her ascent to the high mountains compared with Miss Dolby. Madame Sherrington was a lemon ice, clear and sharply defined, her voice carolling through the building, and cutting its way into the crevices in rejoicing, as obeying the feeling in utterance of the air, "Rejoice greatly." Madame Patey was as Vanilla ice, sweet yet mysterious in the fullness of remembrance in her confession of the rejection "He was despised." Mdlle. Tietjens was pine-apple, so grand, full, and resonant that no strain was required to bring the vast audience within the compass of her intention. You may conceive how she could and did render, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Madame Sinico was strawberry in (on Wednesday) "O had I Jubal's Lyre." Of course Mr. Santley sang, as he always does, and may represent strong coffee, and Signor Agnesi chocolate; but Mr. Vernon Rigby, who took Mr. Sims Reeves's part, has somehow got the imitation of his voice, and deceived many of us into the belief that it actually was Mr. Sims Reeves himself, in advancing to that captivating nectarine of tone, which transposes attention into a placid delight. I have often had a fear of an over-doing as producing an undoing of effect, that magnitude would mar the delicate, and that subordination to direction would be jeopardized; but the perfection of the workmanship (if such a term may be used) put fear to flight and set doubt at rest, so allowing conjecture the power

to magnify until the orchestral circumference should inclose the limit of its own echo.—On Wednesday we had a selection commencing with the Dettingen Te Deum, which I thought heavy and uninspiring; the same complaint I made about the sheep is repeated in "Let me never be confounded," which should descend in prostration, whereas it is buoyancy itself. Again, death in the "sharpness of death" should be a low minor, to contrast with the brilliancy of the "kingdom of heaven opened to all believers." The concerto of the organ and orchestra was wondrously beautiful, and though it took some time, we should have been grateful for the encore. The selections were from ten oratorios and part of *Solomon*; of course it was all very fine; but I came away with a sense of massiveness without contrast, and grandeur without repose. The original score manuscript by Handel was exhibited in the Palace. *Israel in Egypt* is for to-morrow.

GERMAN MUSIC IN AMERICA.

Watson's Art Journal is very severe upon the Sängerkfest lately held in New York. It thus compares the German Festival, and its Anglo Saxon predecessor at Boston.

"The Northeastern Sängerkfest, as a social gathering together of the German element scattered through the country, will long be remembered with pleasure; for we believe that everybody concerned had a happy time, and made and renewed many friendships, creating and cementing a general feeling of fellowship and good will. As a musical festival it was an utter failure, if we except some of the individual society singing on the trial day. Every work of any importance that was attempted was in its performance beneath criticism, and was damaging in the highest degree to the *prestige* of the German musical reputation. To the cause of art it was a serious damage.

"Compare this Sängerkfest with the recent festival in Boston. Here, where the great German element prevailed, the very masters they assume to worship were desecrated. There the highest art-aspiration prevailed, and Americans proved their respect for and their earnest desire to do justice to the works of the great composers, and their efforts were grandly successful. Everyone present in the orchestra, or in the audience, was in earnest; and a high intelligence and a loving appreciation marked the efforts of the one, and their reception by the other. The cause of art there was nobly sustained, and a profound and permanent impression was made upon all present by the beauty, the grandeur and the power of music, which will inevitably result in the spreading of a love for the sublime and beautiful in art, and in creating new societies, where music is earnestly, thoughtfully, and lovingly considered. On the other hand:—

"Sing and tiddle, tiddle and sing;
Pic-nic, tiddle, tiddle and swing;
March with banners to trumpets' call,—
And this is a German festival."

Our contemporary makes, also, some emphatic remarks on the assumed superiority of German art. He says:—

"It is astonishing how much bad singing is tolerated in the German language, which would be utterly condemned by the big critics if uttered in the English tongue. But German nationality covers a multitude of sins, and you have only to be called a Herr, a Frau, or a Fraulein, to be at once recognized as a musical artist *sans reproche*. But, dear readers, it is all bosh, emphatically bosh! The musical mechanics of Germany outnumber those of any other country, and being in the majority, they very naturally produce only the works of their own country, and so the works of German composers are always kept uppermost. So general is this system of class exclusiveness that, on reading the programmes of our places of amusement here and elsewhere, one would conclude that the whole domain of music was absorbed by the German people, when the fact is that the German mind is so narrowed by prejudice, and so arrogant in its assumed superiority, that it does not deign to look beyond the limits of the German-speaking people; and their prejudices become narrower, and their arrogance more offensive, the more they come in contact with other nationalities, for then they draw the circle of exclusiveness closer, and become aggressive. It is time that this very transparent bubble should be pricked, and that the German musicians should be placed where they belong, namely, among, and not above, the musical nationalities of the world."

The Emperor of Germany has presented to Herr P. Hertel, the composer of *Flick und Flock*, a diamond ring on the occasion of its three hundredth performance.

HERR GOLDSCHMIDT'S *RUTH*.

This oratorio, or, to use the more modest designation of the composer, "Sacred Pastoral," was performed recently in St. James's Hall, under Herr Goldschmidt's personal direction, and with the assistance of "Jenny Lind." The object of its production was to help the "Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress," a fact which, taken with the previous history of *Ruth*, reminds us that Providence "shapes the ends" of works as well as workers. From its very inception Herr Goldschmidt's Pastoral has been consecrated to charity. It was first heard at the Hereford Festival of 1867, on behalf of the widows and orphans of the clergy, since when, so far as our knowledge goes, every performance has had a kindred purpose, and on each occasion the composer has taken upon himself the risk of failure. There is one other oratorio—the *Messiah*—similarly identified with the virtue that is "twice blessed;" but Handel's work was never wholly set apart to such service. Speculators laid hold of the *Messiah*, and made gain out of it; but, thus far at least, they have kept their hands off *Ruth*, recognising, perhaps, its consecration to a noble purpose, and having the grace to refrain from interference. In *Ruth*, then, we see the oratorio of charity *par excellence*—a composition which, like a benevolent amateur vocalist, is always ready to be heard on behalf of a good cause. Herr Goldschmidt undoubtedly possesses the first claim upon his Pastoral as a means of benefiting "the poor which cry;" and it must be confessed he uses well the monopoly he is permitted to enjoy. How far he is assisted by the co-operation of Madame Goldschmidt it can hardly be necessary to point out. The name of "Jenny Lind" is still a power, and many whose curiosity about *Ruth*, or whose perception of its merits is faint, cannot reject an opportunity of hearing again the most famous singer the world ever knew.

An opinion as to the musical claims of *Ruth* has already appeared in these columns; but, were the case otherwise, we should refrain from criticism under the circumstances of Friday's performance. The homely injunction against looking a gift horse in the mouth applies very widely; and when a work is brought forward in the sacred name of Charity, though it show "a multitude of sins," the robe of Charity is a protection. But, while declining to be critical, we may state that many numbers of the Pastoral were clearly to the taste of the audience. For example, the scene between Naomi and Ruth, in which the young Moabitess utters the now accepted formula of entire devotion—"Whither thou goest, I will go," &c.—elicited much applause, as did the duet for Boaz and Ruth, "The Lord recompense thy work," and the effective chorus of repears, "Blessed are the pure in heart." Other portions might be cited; but, after these, a general statement that the work met with considerable favour will suffice. As regards the chief performer, Madame Goldschmidt, it is only permissible to speak in terms of praise. When her powers and her popularity were greatest, she freely employed both on behalf of distress, and the same benevolence prompts her now to make good use of an abiding reputation. If, therefore, no trace of the "Jenny Lind" of five-and-twenty years ago appeared in the Madame Goldschmidt of to-day, her occasional coming forward would be welcomed. But, once an artist, always an artist; and the great singer who captivated both the Old World and the New remains great in all the attributes which time cannot affect. Hence a delivery of *Ruth*'s music on Friday, such as brought out every shade of meaning, and seemed to throw new light on the familiar text. Hence, also, a display of vocalization which, under manifest and inevitable disadvantage, was a study in all that belongs to the highest forms of the art. Madame Goldschmidt, it can scarcely be necessary to state, was enthusiastically received, and all she did was applauded with vigour. The other soloists were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Herr Stockhausen—each of whom had important work to do, and did it more or less well. Madame Sherrington rendered excellent service—notably in the duet, "They that sow in tears"—and the air, "Commit thy way unto the Lord," as well as the music of Naomi generally, was delivered with rare charm of voice and style by Madame Patey. No distinct character is assigned to the tenor; but the part for that voice acquired value and distinction from its careful delivery by Mr. W. H. Cummings, who is never otherwise than artistic and efficient. Herr Stockhausen appeared to be suffering from a cold, and gave less effect to the music of Boaz than might have been the case under more propitious circumstances. His singing in the duet already named, however, made its mark, and largely induced the vigorous applause which followed. The choruses were mostly well rendered, and an excellent orchestra, with Herr Strauss as first violin, did justice to the elaborate scoring of Herr Goldschmidt. Mr. E. J. Hopkins was at the organ, the instrument appearing to unwonted advantage under his hands. The Pastoral was repeated with equal success on the following Monday.

The papers by "Q" on the "Dramatists of the Present Day," are to be published, with additions, by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

"LE ASTUZIE FEMMINILI."

In its notice of Cimarosa's opera, the *Morning Advertiser* said:—

"To write music which shall present every form of skilful combination and at the same time give the idea of perfect spontaneity, is the privilege of genius only. In Cimarosa's opera, there is precisely that combination of freshness and cleverness of construction. The sparkling melodies bubble up like water from a spring, and there is not a laboured or uninteresting passage in the whole opera. In the composer's day there were fewer instrumental resources at command than there are now. Strings were everything; and, in one sense, such delicate and simple orchestration as Cimarosa's is a refreshing change after the elaborate devices of modern days. The overture to *Le Astuzie Femminili* is short, and has a delightfully melodious principal subject. In the first act is a quartet, 'Io son quella persona,' a perfect gem in its way, and full of the true spirit of comic opera. Equal in piquancy and in unaffected gaiety is the terzetto 'Dichiaro e mi protesto,' at the commencement of the third act. The quality of the concerted music is kept up to the last, and a quartet, 'Ah! fermate,' in the third act, may be quoted as a model of part writing. Mr. Gye has done the art a service in bringing it out, and it now only remains for the public to show a due appreciation of a charming work."

The *Daily News* says:—

"The opera is preceded by an overture commencing with a short Largo, which leads to an animated Allegro in the same key (D major), simple in style and construction, but full of pleasing melodic phrases (some of which are again heard in the vocal music), and forming a bright and pleasant introduction to the musical comedy which follows. The opera itself is supported entirely by the six solo voices, without choruses; but notwithstanding this slightness of materials, and a strong similarity of tone throughout, so great is the charm of the music, and so genuine is its character of refined and gracious humour, that there is no falling off of interest up to the final note. The strong reflection of Mozart's style, too (derived by Cimarosa from his stay at Vienna, where he brought out his *Matrimonio Segreto*, six years after the production of *Le Nozze di Figaro* of the former) does not sound like plagiarism, or even imitation; so evident is the individual power of the composer. Nothing short of genius could produce such effects as are obtained in the concerted pieces of *Le Astuzie Femminili*—particularly in the quartet at the commencement of the first act, in which the arrival of Giampaolo is announced; the capital laughing quartet, in which he is quizzed by the others; the animated movement for all the characters, forming the finale of the first act; the quartet ending the first part of the second act, and the closing music of the opera. The continued vivacity without effort, the variety and interest maintained through a pervading similarity of style and school, evidence the mind and hand of a master. Of pieces for fewer and for single voices, may be mentioned the duet for the two lovers, 'Non piu, non piu lusinghe,' the beautiful solo for Bellina, 'Sono allegra,' the still more charming (introduced) aria for Leonora, 'Non son bella,' and the trio for Bellina, Ersilia, and Romualdo. Throughout the whole opera there are but slight occasional traces of an antique style, the chief instance, perhaps, being the air for Ersilia, 'D'amor la face.'"

On the same subject, we read as thus in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"What pearls the short-lived Cimarosa scattered about his eighty operas! Making reasonable allowance for the monotony of recitative accompanied only by chords, and for the prevalence of certain passages which occur in unvaried form at every full close, what a wealth of pure plastic melody is to be found in *Le Astuzie Femminili*! What spirit there is in the aria *d'entrata* of Giampaolo, 'Son curioso di vedere!' what unstrained brightness in that of Bellina, 'Sono allegra son contenta!' and what life in the trio which, merging into a quintet marked by an effective oboe *obbligato* in the accompaniment, closes the opening *tableau* in the first act. In the second part there is a charming air for Ersilia, 'D'amor la face,' slightly reminiscent of 'Batti, batti,' and which Mozart himself need not have been ashamed to sign. This is followed by a graceful duet for Bellina and Fillandro, 'Qui dolcemente spira,' in the *ensemble* of which the voices sing the same melody in Donizetti-like fashion, and the act ends with a masterly concerted piece, in which all the characters take part, and which is kept up with as much freshness and animation as it is written with musicianlike skill. The second act opens with a bright and coquettish air for contralto, 'Non son bella, non son bruta,' which, we understand, has been interpolated from some other work of Cimarosa. This air, and a succeeding laughing trio built on a similar theme, were both encores. Among other pieces to be singled out for special remark from an array of sparkling numbers are—a buffo air for Romualdo, 'Non è questo di Baldo il sentimento,' a lively song with middle movement, wherein

Flandro imitates the speech of a German; the introduction to the second part, remarkable for a theme given to violoncelli and contrabassi, supported by violins *pizzicato*, a foreshadowing of the newest of new operatic effects; and the *zigzante* and spirited Russian music which brings a pleasant little comedy to a sparkling close."

OUR NATIONAL MUSIC LIBRARY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Amongst the objects of great and increasing interest to musicians of all shades of opinion, or sentiment, are catalogues of music, either "ancient or modern." To all students it is an absorbing theme. Yet how few really good musical libraries there are available for the public. They might be counted on the fingers. Beyond Novello's, Augener's, and that at the British Museum, there are few (if any) first-class libraries of music. Of course private collections of music there may be, both numerous and extensive; it is a matter of pride that numbers of the "upper ten" in this country employ their leisure hours in acquainting themselves with the treasures of wisdom and knowledge to be found in reading. Large libraries, and large collections of pictures, prints, maps, and music, have been, and still are, made and stored by individuals, very greatly to the advantage of mankind generally. Scholars have drawn from such storehouses almost inexhaustible material for the instruction and improvement of all. Still as the number of thoughtful and devoted lovers of the "art divine" is constantly increasing, one cannot but remark on the paucity of available libraries of music. Leaving out the circulating musical libraries, which are in no sense libraries of reference,—for the two cannot be combined in one and the same collection of imprints,—the public are restricted to one only—our National Music Library at the British Museum. If there be others, I do not know of their existence. There are the University collections, and that of Her Majesty—noble music libraries, of which any nation might justly be proud. These are but in a very limited sense "public," being available to certain classes, or circles only; and, with propriety, under certain very necessary restrictions. It is gratifying to reflect that a much larger proportion of our musicians than existed at any previous time, can, and do, take an interest in musical reading as well as in playing and hearing music. The silent perusal, as well as the actual performance of music is, more than it has ever been before, a means of musical instruction. Formerly one would frequently be told that perusing music could but imperfectly inform the mind; the performance was the mode of information to be insisted on. The truth of the remark is fast becoming a thing of the past. For though the utterance is the end desired, many can derive a knowledge of a composition from merely reading it in silence, almost as perfect as can be had from performance. While the word "almost" qualifies this assertion, it must not be denied nor overlooked, that, since in all utterances there will and must be varieties of inflection, perhaps in silently contemplating the notes of a score, there is a quickening of the inner and most etherial musical perceptions beyond what is experienced in performance. Besides being delightful beyond measure, such an occupation is as useful and instructive in promoting judicious and discriminative habits of thinking as a volume of mathematical problems is generally acknowledged to be. The music that is worthy of being considered music is here meant, of course. For awakening the mind, promoting continuity of attention, as well as for extending its natural grasp, I know of no more healthy process; and, as an auxiliary to the study of the exact sciences, cannot be overrated. How desirable it is, then, for there to be two or three or more public musical libraries in the metropolis, it is scarcely necessary further to attempt to set forth. The same reasons apply, with even additional force, to the great provincial centres; Manchester, Birmingham, and other large towns distant from London, because they have not a musical library of reference at all. In London there is one—the Museum. But one. How necessary that that one should be as perfect and complete as possible. Thanks to the very great care bestowed upon the catalogues generally of this really majestic library. The catalogue of music in the British Museum is a work which for accuracy (and even beauty) well reflects the patience and skill expended on its compilation. It is, however, by no means complete. I should think it would take five years of continuous labour to make it as complete as most people would like to see it, or as perfect as the public have a right to expect it to be. The number of pieces or works contained in the catalogue I estimate at 78,000; the unsorted music at from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 of works and pieces. The figures cannot be otherwise than proximate. Yet making what allowance one might for inadvertency, or defective judgment, the bare statement of anything approaching such a condition of the music catalogue calls loudly for the consideration of the authorities to whose hands is committed this division of the nation's art-treasures. If it is asked how it can be guessed that such a number as *three millions* of pieces remain unsorted, or even *one million*—especially by an "outsider," the reply is, that the huge piles of music accumulated during more

than half a century are but very imperfectly represented in the volumes of the existing catalogue; elegant and accurate though it be, as far as it goes. The Institution is entitled by law to one copy of every work published in the United Kingdom. The above figures, even supposing the present catalogue to contain one hundred thousand works, would not be affected; the extent of the uncatalogued music being so exceedingly enormous. A vast number of well-known volumes of comparatively recent date, such, for instance, as Horsley's "Joseph," Stainer's "Gideon," and very many others, do not appear in the catalogue. From the following rough estimate of the comparative numbers of works by ten of the writers whose names occupy relatively the largest space in the catalogue, it cannot but be inferred that were all treated with such favour as belongs to their respective merit, the catalogue would be soon made to assume ten times its present proportions. The present number would be more than equalled by the publications of the three largest houses in the trade. Therefore, after very careful consideration, while mentioning the probable deficit as *one million*, I am strongly inclined to the unavoidable conclusion that it is nearer *three millions*. Subjoined is a list which will no doubt interest many students, showing the numbers of works catalogued in the Museum by the ten who have the majority.

Verdi	1,500
Donizetti	1,000
Rossini	800
Mozart	750
Handel	700
Abt	550
Beethoven	500
Bishop, Sir H	500
Czerny	450
Haydn	350

The others are less than these ten names; but it may be remarked that of those names that have a large number, Mendelssohn, Benedict, and Bennett are prominent. It will be seen that my position is materially strengthened by this simple statement, that one-seventh of the entire catalogue is taken up by these ten names. I see no way out of this unequal and imperfect state of the only existing library of music we have, than immediately to set about placing the balance of unsorted music on the shelves, and their titles in a catalogue or supplement by the authorities of the British Museum.—Yours very truly,

IDEALIZER.

AN AMERICAN CRITIC ON MARIE KREBS.

(New York Tribune.)

Miss Marie Krebs gave her first New-York concert last night, at Steinway Hall, before such an audience as ought to delight the heart of any true artist. It was composed almost wholly of connoisseurs, who appreciated all the best points of the performance, and gave their applause freely in the right places. Nothing was lost upon them, and their approval was precious, because it was discriminating and intelligent. The programme was worthy of the audience. It embraced nothing but genuine music—most of it of the highest kind—no trash to captivate the multitude, no empty compositions fit for nothing but to show the dexterity of the performer. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's beautiful trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, in D minor, Miss Krebs, Mr. Hamm, and Mr. Werner taking the three instruments. The sure, brilliant, and delicate touch of the fair young pianist, her keen musical perceptions, and the genuine artistic instinct which teaches her to think more of the interpretation of the composer than the display of her own proficiency, charmed everybody, and more than once, in the course of the piece, the gratification of the audience found vent in warm tributes of applause. In Beethoven's "Sonata Characteristique," during the latter part of the evening, Miss Krebs played not only with the most exquisite accuracy, but with a grace and delicacy that we hardly expected of her. We cannot go so far as to say that she gave expression to all the deep poetry of this most subtle of composers—we never met with a very young performer who could do that—but she rendered the difficult piece beautifully, and was loudly recalled at the end of it. There were other portions of her programme, however, which were simply perfect. A prelude and fugue of Bach's, never before publicly performed in this country, were given with a breadth of expression and a faultless accuracy of rhythm which one seldom finds, even in Bach's most enthusiastic interpreters, and a Toccata of Schumann's, a work of immense difficulty, also unknown to our concert-rooms, was rendered with a brilliancy and apparent ease which we can call no less than triumphant. Miss Krebs had already made an excellent impression by her few performances at the Nilsson concerts; but last night she gave us a taste of her higher qualities, which will greatly raise her position as an artist.

Of the performers who assisted her last night, the most important was her mother, Madame Krebs-Michalec, a contralto singer of very

superior culture, with a powerful and pleasant voice, and an excellent dramatic style. It might be supposed that a lady old enough to be the mother of so fine an artist as Miss Marie Krebs would be too old to be a very good singer, but this is a mistake. Madame Krebs has a plenty of voice at her command, and we shall hope to hear her soon on the stage.

WAIFS.

A church out West advertises for sale a pew which "commands a view of nearly the whole congregation."

The ingenious American who discovered that Lord Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays is now engaged on a treatise to prove that Homer was the inventor of petroleum—at any rate, he was known as the old man of Scio's "rocky ile."

As a musical curiosity, we may mention that at the Charing Cross Theatre certain vocalists, said to be the identical ones who sang at the Tuileries under the régime of the Commune, and described in the advertisement as "the most eccentric singers in the world," are to be heard; and that one of them, a child of ten, is declared on the insufficient authority of the director to be "the future Tamberlik."

A March, entitled *Reida*, the composition of an Armenian musician at Constantinople, is now being got up by the band of the 4th Army Corps, as a celebration of the Ottoman victories over the Assyrian rebels. An amateur Armenian composer, Mr. Charles Constant, is now in London. He is the author of several works published at Milan.

M. Lenz has informed the world in several languages that "The Adieu," the most popular sentimental song in Europe, is not the work of Schubert, but of a Russian with an unpronounceable name, for which the euphonious one of "Schubert" was substituted by an enterprising Paris publisher. It will continue all the same to be known as "Schubert's Adieu," just as a certain waltz not written by Weber continues to be known as "Weber's last waltz."

The fourth of the Society of Arts' Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall took place on Wednesday evening, under Sir. Michael Costa's direction, the Crown Prince of Prussia being among the audience. A single ticket for the press gallery reached us in the afternoon, too late for use, and we are therefore unable to give any notice of the performance. We recommend the executive of the society to remedy the present faulty arrangements which exist for the accommodation of the representatives of the press at these performances.—*Choir.*

On the night of Signor Mario's last appearance (Wednesday), his carriage after the performance was literally besieged by a crowd of enthusiastic amateurs, who cheered the great artist as heartily as he had already been cheered within the walls of the theatre. It was with great difficulty that the carriage could advance by slow steps from the stage door. Many, although strangers to Signor Mario, persisted in shaking him by the hand. The out-door enthusiasm, indeed, was in its way as great as the in-door.

Passion plays were in great favour in Kilkenny during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and part of the seventeenth centuries. The *Kilkenny Moderator*, in a report of the recent meeting, in that city, of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland, in some extracts from the Red Book of the Corporation, produced at the meeting, states that at Midsummer, 1586, one Richard Cogan played Christ. The sum he received for it is omitted; but we learn that while Harry Moore, for acting the Devil, got 8d., the Kilkenny baker, for impersonating the Archangel Michael, received only 6d. Lace and gloves for setting forth the Maries, with items referring to the costumes of Christ and less important personages,—indeed, the properties generally,—lead to the impression that the Kilkenny Passion and Resurrection Plays were got up with artistic eye to effect.

A meeting of the subscribers to the Shakspeare Memorial Fund was held yesterday at the rooms of the Society of Arts, to decide what was to be done with the balance of £285 which remained from the Tercenary Shaksperian Festival. Sir W. Tite, M.P., presided. Mr. Gruneisen recommended that the balance should be handed over to the Dramatic College at Woking, an institution which supported and kept those who had represented Shaksperian characters. Mr. Hepworth Dixon did not think the committee had any power to divert the money from the purpose for which it had been raised. The amount subscribed was, he said, £2,400, and there was from £800 to £900 outstanding which had never been applied for. If that amount were called in, he believed a very considerable portion of it would be paid up; and they could then have, for a sum of £1,200, a very beautiful statue of Shakspeare erected on the Thames Embankment. After some discussion it was resolved that an endeavour should be made to get in the outstanding subscriptions, and to obtain further subscriptions for the purpose of carrying out the original project.

The whole of the principal singers for the Gloucester Music Meeting of 1871 have now been engaged; the programme for the five performances of sacred music in the cathedral is finally settled; and progress has been made in regard of the two concerts at the Shirehall. Middle, Tietjens and Madame Wilhorst are the chief sopranos, and Madame Patey-Whytock and Miss Martel the contraltos. The tenor solos will be allotted to Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Bentham. Mr. Lewis Thomas and Signor Foli are the basses. Thus five of the principal vocalists—Madame Wilhorst, Miss Martel, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Bentham, and Signor Foli—will be heard for the first time at a Festival of the Three Choirs. Signor Foli, however, has earned a high reputation in London as a singer in oratorio, and is not unknown in Gloucester. The selection for the Tuesday consists of *The Deltingen Te Deum* and *Jephthah*, the latter having been substituted for Mr. Macfarren's new oratorio, *St. John the Baptist*, which was previously announced. The evening performance in the Cathedral will commence on the Tuesday, at seven o'clock. As all our readers know, the Cathedral is brilliantly lighted with two long cornices of gas-burners, extending the whole length of the nave on either side. The works chosen are *The Creation* (first part), and a selection from *Israel in Egypt*. In accordance with the now established rule, *Elijah* will be performed on Wednesday, and *The Messiah* on Friday; and Thursday, the "miscellaneous morning," will be devoted to a selection from Spohr's *Calvary*, Mr. Cusins's new oratorio *Gideon*, and Bach's oratorio, *The Passion*. For the concerts we are promised Handel's *Asis and Galatea*, Weber's *Preciosa*, a selection from Mozart's *Figaro*, and the *Jupiter* symphony. Mr. Sainton will be the leader; Dr. Wesley will, of course, be the conductor; and Mr. J. H. Brown continues to discharge the onerous duty of secretary to the stewards.

Nilson is at West Point, delighting the cadets with her transcendent powers, dining with hard-headed old generals, and affording the evening waters of the Hudson an occasional opportunity of reflecting a face and form as bright and beautiful as ever inspired the genius of either painter or poet. When the weather becomes warmer, she takes up her abode at Newport, where she will, of course, appear in concert or opera; for it is not to be supposed that a star of such magnitude could hope for anything approaching absolute seclusion, at one of our most fashionable watering-places. Mr. Freyer, the agent of Mr. Strakosch, has returned from California without having made any arrangements for the appearance of the celebrated cantatrice in that part of the Union at present. Contrary to all preconceived ideas, upon the subject, the prospects of a grand pecuniary success were not sufficiently flattering to induce the astute *impresario* to undertake so serious a tour just now, and so, for the time being, the project has fallen to the ground. He has, however, as I have been informed, engaged the diva for a hundred nights of opera during the ensuing season.—*Philadelphia Amateur.*

MUNICH.—Madame Mallinger has just concluded an exceedingly advantageous life-engagement with the management of the Theatre Royal. She is to receive an annual salary of 15,000 florins, with five months' leave of absence every year, and her appointment as Royal Bavarian Chamber Singer.

VIENNA.—Herr Eduard Straus has been appointed director of the Court Balls, in place of his brother, Herr Johann Straus, who was compelled by ill-health to resign the post.—Herr Leo Lion, whose musical career and subsequent sad fate is known to most readers of the *Musical World*, has just died in a lunatic asylum.

All Things Change.

Patti, who, when a child, made Zerlina her own,
Becomes Valentina, when to womanhood grown.
Her admirers were counted by hundreds before,
And will now be increased by some thousands more;
Yet, at the risk of being thought stupid, I say,
I would give all to-morrows for one yesterday.

Widow Yellowjaws.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWS & PARRY.—"Oh voulez-vous aller?" "La Sympathie," Mendelssohn's concerto, Op. 64, paraphrase, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," for the pianoforte, by Sydney Smith.

ROBERT COOKS & CO.—"Lieber Augustin," Andante from Beethoven's symphony in C minor; "But thou didst not leave," for the pianoforte, by G. F. West; "Jennie, the Flower of Danblane," Gavotte and Ronde from Bach's sixth violin concerto, for the pianoforte, by W. S. Rokstro; "The Memories of the Heart," song, by Seymour Smith.

BREWER & CO.—Gems from Handel's Italian Operas, Nos. 1 and 2, transcribed by J. H. Deane; "Handel's songs," arranged for the organ (No. 1), by J. H. Deane.

MEZLER & CO.—"Musical Bijou," No. 27, nine Christy Minstrel's songs; "The Practical Choir Master," part 1, vol. 1, edited by Dr. William Spark; "The Collier's bonny Daughter," part-song, by H. W. Goodban; "Godfrey," "The Crumpled Letter," by Mrs. Alfred Phillips; Hillier's Grand March, composed for the opening of the International Exhibition of 1871, arranged for piano by H. W. Goodban; Valse pour piano, sur l'opéra de Gounod, *Irene*, arrangé par F. Burgmüller.

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